

Children's Newspaper, March 30, 1929

Have You Seen the C.N. Monthly? Ask  
for My Magazine—Edited by Arthur Mee

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

Number 523

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MARCH 30, 1929

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## THE BELLS THAT RING IN FLORIDA

See  
Page  
Seven

### THE SWEEP'S WONDERFUL BOY LIFE-STORY OF ELIJAH CADMAN

Barefoot Boy of Coventry Who  
Lived Into Fame

### SALVATION ARMY'S FIRST CAPTAIN

One dark winter morning, when the rest of the world was asleep, a little boy left Coventry barefoot and in rags.

He was a chimney-sweep's boy and had to walk 14 miles to a job. His clothing was so tattered that it barely covered him, and the child suffered agonies from the freezing air. For three days after that he was unable to use his legs.

And this was in the glorious Victorian Era, when England was at the zenith of her pride and power and most people thought the world as good as it could be. Happily, there were a few discontented people who said babies ought not to be sent from the work-house to toil in cotton factories or to sweep chimneys, and at last these troublesome people got their way, championed by a man called Charles Dickens and a woman called Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

#### Hardships Survived

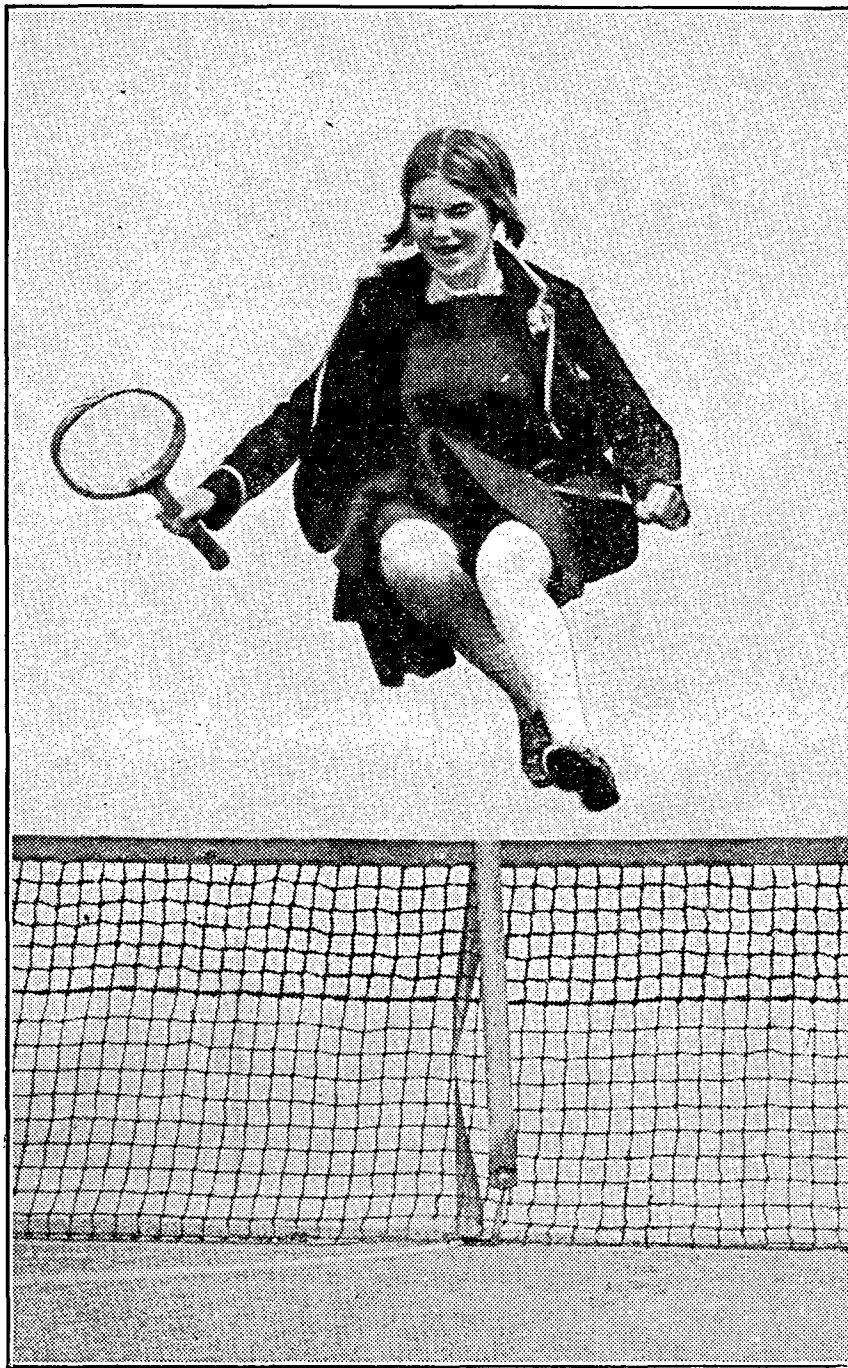
As for the little sweep who tramped out of Coventry he recovered the use of his legs, and went on sweeping chimneys for his master. He was luckier than some boys who got wedged and were suffocated in the course of their work. Little Elijah Cadman survived all the hardships of his lot, and became a chimney-sweep on his own account in Rugby. Let us hope he did not fulfil the plans of Tom in The Water Babies, whose master was a cruel sweep like Elijah Cadman's and who vowed when he grew up to knock his apprentices about in turn.

At any rate the lad who had been brutalised naturally turned to brutal pleasures, and he became known as a hard drinker who was unpleasantly handy with his fists. He ran a boxing saloon which was attached to a public-house, and he would have remained in this sort of company if he had not gone one day to see a man hanged. In those days executions were public affairs, and people with sordid minds went to see the sight as if it were a Coronation Procession.

#### A New Life

What Cadman saw touched him to the heart. All at once he grew disgusted with the life he was living, the sort of life that led men slowly downhill till they ended in deadly crime. He gave up drinking and tried to persuade others to give it up. Then he got to know a wonderful man named William Booth, who told Cadman that this

### The Spirit of Spring



This picture is a particularly happy illustration of the elation we all feel when the first signs of spring remind us that the chill, dark days of the winter are gone.

world could be made a better place if only people cared. So Elijah Cadman became the first captain of a new religious body called the Salvation Army, with William Booth of Nottingham as its General. These people went into the worst places in the towns, places where policemen feared to go alone, and asked the evil people who lived there to be good. Of course they were attacked by hooligans.

But they conquered this hatred by showing that they practised what they preached. If they found a house dirty they would offer to scrub it; if they found a man starving they gave him their dinner; if they found sickness they turned themselves into nurses; and at last the hooligans began to trust them, and then to confess that

badness did not make them happy. But how could they start afresh?

It was Cadman's job to give every man who wanted it a chance and a job, either here or abroad. Sometimes men came to him who were actually starving, and men have died of heart failure brought on by want, with the Army's basin of soup actually in their hands. But thousands were rescued.

So the boy who had been a miserable little sweep ended up a very happy man. His remarkable life-story has just been published under the title of The Happy Warrior at 2s. 6d. by Humphrey Wallis, of London. It is just the thing to give to a pessimist, for it proves as clearly as that twice two are four that the world is better than it was, and is getting better than ever.

### SAVING A BEAUTIFUL VILLAGE

#### WEST WYCOMBE FOR EVER ENGLAND

The Good Example Set by the  
Society of Arts

#### A ROYAL LEAD

West Wycombe, seven hundred years old if it is a day, is to stay as it is for another century or so. It has been bought through the Society of Arts.

Many a picnic party on the hill above West Wycombe has looked well pleased at the cottages nestling in the gardens in the village below.

Such dear little cottages, so pretty, so old, and the village street with one inn that was a coaching house and another which was there before the Wars of the Roses—how delightful it all is! The picnic lunch would not be so pleasant without that bit of Old England to savour it. Suppose it were all to vanish away!

#### A Narrow Escape

These things do happen. At West Wycombe it very nearly did happen. The cottages were to have been sold to the highest bidder, and we can all guess how soon some of them would have been improved out of sight. The picnic parties on the hill would have sadly missed them. Even motorists darting through the village would have wondered what had become of West Wycombe. Failing that Mr. Shell and Mr. Pratt might easily have made it ridiculous with their hideous Aunt Sallys.

We shall not have to wonder what has become of West Wycombe now, however. The Royal Society of Arts and other public-spirited subscribers to a fund for West Wycombe's preservation have arranged to buy this delightful Buckinghamshire village, lock, stock, and barrel, from the Dashwood family, and to keep it as it is.

Someone proposed a little time ago that rich Americans who are so fond of the old things of the Old World that they transplant them in the New might be asked to buy places like West Wycombe and keep them as they are where they are. But the way of the Royal Society of Arts is a better, and it is a royal way.

Perhaps the growing army of enthusiasts might be asked to subscribe to keep Old England beautiful.

#### A MAN OF MANY FIDDLES

Mr. W. E. Nance, a Cardiff merchant, has given sixty violins made by himself to the National Council of Music founded by Sir Walford Davies. Mr. Nance, who is nearly blind, is 91, and makes violins as a hobby. Most of those presented to the National Council of Music have been made since his seventieth birthday.



## A NIGHT WITHIN SOUND OF LIONS

ADVENTURE IN A STORM  
Experience of an English Party  
in an African Sanctuary

### THE OVERTURNED BUS

That cheerful spirit the Warden of the Kruger National Park Game Reserve has told us in his annual reports what a delightful place for tourists is the Eden over which he reigns. He maps and times the matter as if it were a picnic in Hyde Park or on a Surrey common.

A party of English and American visitors, including Colonel Jones, the Deputy Lord Lieutenant of Brecknock, has taken him at his word and had a thrilling surprise. Arriving in port on the steamer Duchess of Atholl, they followed the advice given by the Warden and set off in motor-buses, not precisely to beard the lion in his den, but in the hope of seeing him take his walks abroad. They did not know that the sanctuary is not proof against the sudden storms of the tropics.

### When the Dark Came

Toward the end of a perfect day down came one of these storms without a moment's warning; thunder, lightning, and rains such as only the Tropics can produce. The only roads available were suddenly converted into torrents. One bus could not move, but became as bogged as a whale cast on a quicksand. But the other bus could and did move; then it skidded in the mire and overturned.

So there were the tourists, miles from the nearest railway, still more miles from their steamer.

*The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;  
At one stride comes the dark.*

Then they heard the lions roaring after their prey. They were in the midst of a huge territory where the lion is king, but where leopards, hyenas, and elephants as well as lions resent intrusion by night, however peaceful and manly they may be by day. Some of the visitors probably remembered an adventure of General Smuts in the same quarter of the globe during the war, when the car in which he was travelling was suddenly surrounded by a troop of lions and he had to sit, revolver in hand, with hair on end and blood running cold, throughout a whole night.

### Hours of Anxiety

Happily no harm befell this benighted party of tourists, but probably none of them ever spent more anxious hours. Some had the good fortune to find their way to a native kraal, where the natives afforded them shelter against both storm and beasts. The others took refuge in trees, within sound of the roaring lion and the howling hyena.

Fortunately the resources of civilisation were not long challenged by the wilds. The storm had been noted at the point from which the tourists set out and their danger had been foreseen.

### The Return to the Railway

A relief convoy was soon under way, and to the hearty gratification of the temporary tree-dwellers up came food and blankets. So the remainder of the night was made tolerable, but the victims had still to get back to the railway on foot, for their fallible chariots could not move. It was a trudge of miles, three of them across floods where dry land had afforded perfect going for their vehicles on the way up.

## MAN'S FASTEST YET ON LAND

Flight of the Golden  
Arrow

### WHAT OF TOMORROW?

*It will never go.*

Old lady seeing Stephenson's Rocket.

*It will never stop.*

Same old lady seeing the Rocket go 30 miles an hour.

Less than a hundred years ago people were alarmed at the prospect of trains travelling thirty miles an hour.

"It can't be done," they said. "We should be unable to breathe."

Today Major Segrave travels in his motor-car at nearly four miles a minute, and aeroplanes have gone even faster.

Nobody has ever travelled on land faster than Major Segrave, who made a world's record for speed when he travelled at 231.362 miles an hour at Daytona Beach, Florida.

### Like a Projectile

The course over which the speed was measured was actually only a mile long, and Major Segrave's wonderful British car, the Golden Arrow, with its 1000 h.p. Napier aeroplane engine, had to take a run of about four miles before entering the measured mile. Visibility was poor, and so two arc lamps marked the beginning and end of the mile. The Golden Arrow was fitted with sights like those of a gun, and Major Segrave ranged his sights in line with the arc lamps, put his foot hard down on the accelerator, and shot forward like a projectile. Twice the course had to be covered and an average was taken of the two speeds. The previous record was beaten by nearly 24 miles an hour.

Is this speed of nearly four miles a minute the limit? We have no right to assume that it is; and a writer in the C.N. a hundred years hence may be looking back in amazement at what he will probably refer to as a mere crawl. Machines capable of far greater speeds will be built, and ways of overcoming the human difficulty will be evolved.

## THE HELICOGYRE

### Can Man Hover in Mid-Air?

Is the helicopter within our grasp?

The helicopter is the flying-machine which inventors have been struggling to perfect for many years, for its ability to hover in mid-air and to rise and descend vertically will give it enormous advantages over the aeroplane.

An Italian engineer, Signor Vittorio Isacco, has for many years been working on the subject, and has evolved plans for a machine which have so impressed the British Air Ministry that they have purchased them and are having a machine built.

The helicogyre, as it is called, has a body like an aeroplane, complete with engine and propeller in the front to give it horizontal motion when the machine is in the air. Instead of having wings, however, it has four large vanes arranged horizontally and attached to an upright metal post. On the leading edge of two of the vanes is a small engine driving a little propeller, and when these are set in motion they cause the four vanes to rotate rapidly. The upward lift thus exerted is sufficient to raise the helicogyre perpendicularly, and when the machine is clear of all obstacles the main engine in the nose is brought into action.

If the helicogyre is successful the back-garden aeroplane is almost here, for flights from a lawn will be possible. Flying from the very heart of a big city will be possible also, for any fair-sized flat roof will be a potential aerodrome.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Komodo . . . . . Ko-mo-do  
Loughborough . . . . . Luff-burro  
Ujiji . . . . . Oo-je-je  
Tertiary . . . . . Ter-she-e

## A TEMPLE QUARREL

ALL ABOUT AN IDOL

Millions Still Bow Down to  
Wood and Stone

### CURIOUS DISPUTE AT THE PRIVY COUNCIL

Three of our Judges have been occupied for days over a dispute about an Indian idol.

The 319 million people of India, who form three-quarters of the population of the British Empire, include about two million Jains, with Shirpur, in the Bombay Presidency, as their centre. This small community cannot agree, and are now disputing about an idol's waist-belt.

### What the Rival Parties Want

For 19 years the rival parties have been quarrelling as to which has authority over an idol in the temple at Shirpur. One party desires to plaster the idol in such a manner as to show that it is wearing a waist-belt and a waist-tie. The case has been tried by the District Judge of Akola; it has gone on appeal to the Judicial Commissioners of the Central Provinces, and finally has come for decision before the highest court of the Empire, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

In the old days of the early English settlers in America a petition was sent home praying for the presence of men qualified to minister to the souls of the Virginians. "Oh, hang your souls, grow tobacco!" replied the Prime Minister. But now a dispute which seems to us so trifling between rival sections of a little community is tried with dignity and solemnity. A Christian country devotes to the affairs of a stone image all the intricate machinery of a code of laws which have been a thousand years in the making.

### A Contrast to Rome

Rome in her heyday boasted that all her citizens were free, but she burned and harried Christians. It is not so in the British Empire. While the followers of Christianity number 682 millions, there are 1165 millions who are not Christians. Mohammedans outnumber Protestants by some millions, while Confucians and Taoists are nearly twice as many. In Europe alone there are five million Mohammedans; in India, among a host of sects, we have carefully to respect the opinions of ten million people whose religion is a belief in magic and who worship the spirits supposed to reside in animals and lifeless objects—Animists, as they are called.

Idol worship still retains a wider hold than is commonly imagined. Only a few years ago a West African missionary had to refuse a cargo of dolls lest the natives should worship them.

## ISLANDERS IN THE

GREAT THAW

### Plane to the Rescue

The villagers on an island in the River Save, which flows into the Danube between Austria and Serbia, will have reason to remember the great frost of the passing winter. They will remember still more grievously the great thaw.

When the thaw came the river swept away the bridge which joined the island to the mainland. No boat could get near the island or from it because of the huge ice pack that blocked the stream or broke up with a noise like thunder.

For weeks they were isolated. Their food gave out. There was nothing to eat but carrots. Some died of pneumonia, others of starvation. An aeroplane helped them through the worst when an islander crossed the perilous icefloes and made their plight known. The plane dropped bags of food and tins of milk, which kept the survivors alive till the floods subsided.

## BANG WENT MOUSEHOLE

HOW THE CANNON BALL  
CAME THERE

A Great Page of English  
History Comes Peeping Out

### THE ARMADA DAYS

Cornwall had a surprise the other day. Workmen digging trenches at Mousehole, Mounts Bay, came upon a cannon ball.

The men were puzzled at first, and then they realised that it must be a calling card of Armada days from King Philip the Second of Spain.

The Spaniards destroyed Mousehole in 1595. It was tit for tat, but rather a small tit for a particularly big tat. The English and the Winds of God had destroyed the Invincible Armada in 1588, and the year before that Drake had burned the storehouses and galleys in the harbour at Cadiz, a very impertinent achievement. We can understand why King Philip got angry, gathered another fleet, and sent it off to bombard tiny Mousehole. Down came the tiny cottage walls, in fell the little shops, and the streets were all a litter of ruins.

"That will teach you to singe the King of Spain's beard!" said the Spanish cannon.

But the second Armada met its ruin like the first, and Philip died in 1598, a disappointed man.

### Queen Who Loved Peace

It is well to remember that the Spanish Armada set out to conquer England in the spirit of a crusade, and not merely with the dream of adding territory to the Spanish crown, or avenging the insults of Drake. Philip desired to see all Christendom united under the Pope, and he was tireless in his efforts for that end.

Elizabeth, the Protestant Queen, proved to be his most difficult opponent. She did not want war; she was one of the very first statesmen who saw that peace is greater than war; but in spite of her determination not to fight if she could help it she resisted Philip's schemes with the stubbornness and courage of a great mind. In the end she was forced to fight, but she would not draw sword till the enemy's sword was, as it were, at her own throat.

It is strange to think how little Spain has altered since the terrifying day when the cannon roared at little Mousehole. Philip believed in the sword, and there is a military dictatorship in Spain at this hour. He believed in the Inquisition, and today there is a censorship not very unlike the Inquisition, for although people are allowed now to believe what they like, they are not allowed to say what they like about the Spanish Government.

## THINGS SAID

Much more interesting is it that Queen Anne had 21 children than that Henry the Eighth had six wives.

Mr. E. D. Simon

The whole globe is changing into one continent.

Professor Dr. Ernst Jaekel

I have worked for two years for today's few minutes.

Major Segrave

It is illegal to travel on a Sunday.

Mr. W. T. Ricketts

We may think of melody as the mind in action and of harmony as the mind at rest.

Sir Walford Davies

I spend half my time asking people to speak up.

Mr. Justice Hill

Most of us know the man who on Sundays prays on his knees and on weekdays preys on his neighbours.

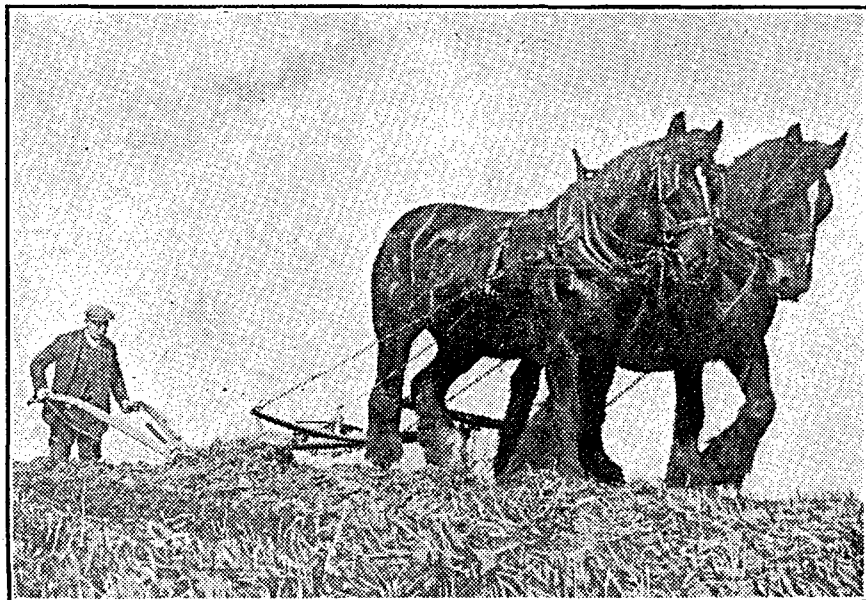
One of Woodbine Willie's last sayings

It was the Union which turned the Scottish people into a great nation.

Mr. Robert Boothby, M.P.



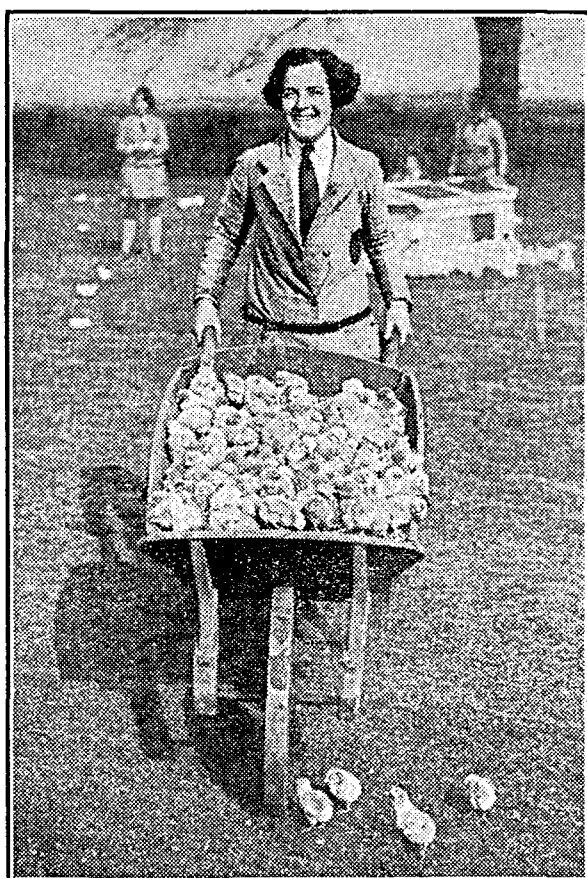
# LOGGING IN LONDON • FOUR MILES A MINUTE • FILMING A LION'S ROAR



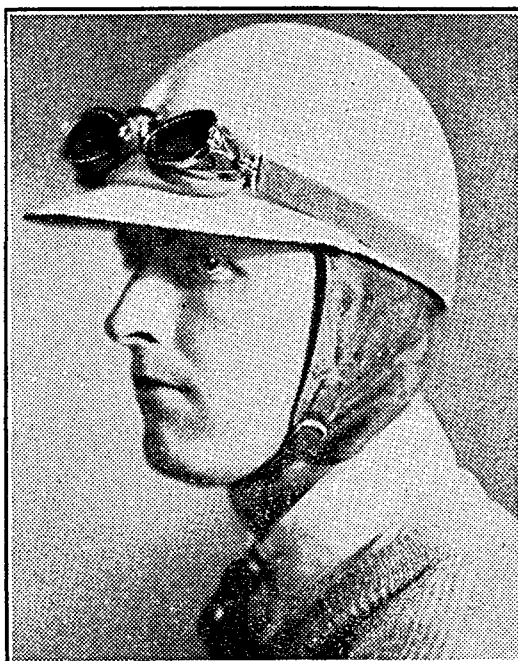
**A Lonely Furrow**—All over the country the ploughman and his horses may now be seen at their work of turning over the ground after the hard frosts of the winter.



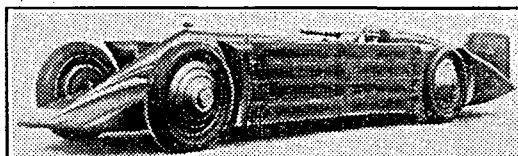
**Logging in London**—It has been necessary lately to fell some of the beautiful trees in Piccadilly, and passers-by have witnessed the unfamiliar sight of lumbermen at work in the road.



**Seeing the World**—No doubt these newly-hatched chicks on a poultry farm at Welwyn, Hertfordshire, are thoroughly enjoying their first ride in a wheelbarrow.



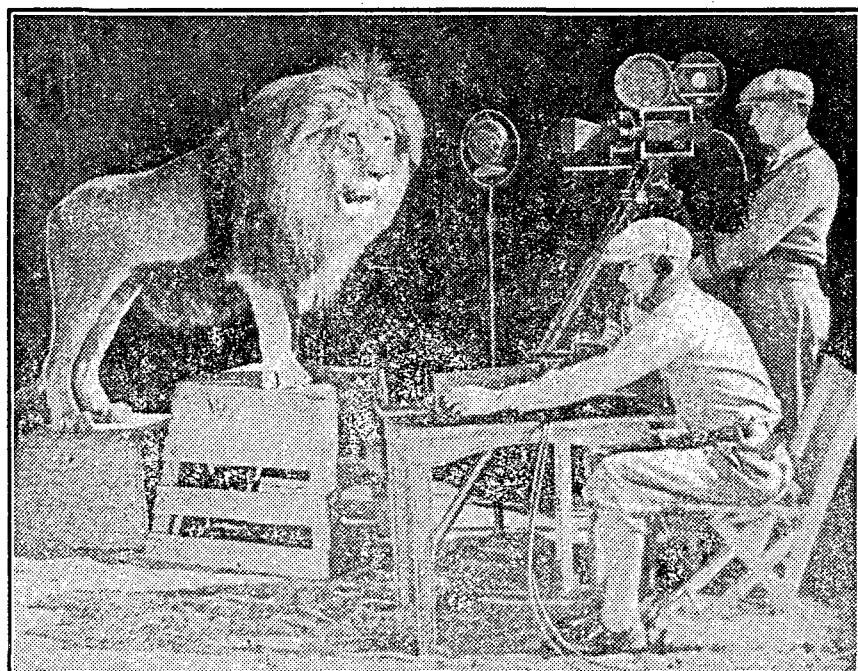
Major Segrave in his racing helmet



**The Golden Arrow**—Here is Major Segrave's wonderful car in which he reached the amazing speed of nearly four miles a minute at Daytona, Florida. See page 2.



**Two Proud Comrades**—This little girl is very pleased and proud to be photographed with a splendid St. Bernard which has just been awarded a first prize at a Dog Show in London.



**Lion Roars for the Films**—This picture from California shows a sound-film being made in a lion's cage. The microphone which records the lion's roar is seen in front of the camera.



**Easter Eggs**—Some very strange animals will find their way into nurseries this Easter, hidden in giant eggs. A few of them are seen here before they set off to meet their new owners.



## A MONSTER HOLDS UP ITS HEAD

### SLAVERY IN DISGUISE

The Shame of the British Flag in Hong Kong

### THREE THINGS THAT MUST STOP

Slavery, like the dragon with many heads, must be killed many times.

The monster rears a long neck with a snake's head, and we behead him, only to see another neck lifted with a goat's face this time, and our swords must flash out again. Always, it seems, we must be on our guard against this abominable thing in new disguises.

Just now it is appearing in Liberia and Sierra Leone under the innocent name of pawning. "Cannot a man do as he likes with his own?" people say. "Surely we can pawn what we like. It would be tyranny to stop us! Of course we are not slave-dealers."

But they are. They put a relative in pawn for a period in return for a sum of money. The boy or girl who has been pawned is really a slave for the time being.

### A Breach of Etiquette

In China people talk of the mui tsai system, which is another alias for slavery. Very poor parents sell their daughters to rich people who want domestic servants. Sometimes the poor little girls are well-treated, but often they are abominably ill-used, and there is no redress. The best Chinese opinion is opposed to the system, and it is disgraceful that it should continue under the British flag in Hong Kong, more especially as the British Government gave a pledge that it should be abolished seven years ago. One day the full story will be told of how a British naval officer's wife was roused by the cries of a slave girl to protest against the system, and how she was told that it was a breach of etiquette, and how she continued to protest in spite of all the red tape in Hong Kong, and how her husband was told he must resign, and how the affair was carried into the House of Commons and Englishmen were shocked, and the Government vowed that the mui tsai system should no longer flourish under the Union Jack.

And—it flourishes still.

### An Ugly Tale

The League of Nations Union has organised a conference on such matters, and one of the speakers was Mr. John Harris, of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society. He says that there are three outstanding instances of slavery today—the natives around Lake Chad, the pearl divers of the Persian Gulf, and the mui tsai of China, without counting the people who are merely pawned. So the dragon is rearing three or four heads at once.

One of the ugliest tales Mr. Harris had to tell was of the families from India, the East Indies, and Africa who go to Mecca under the pretence of making a religious pilgrimage. Hundreds of boys and girls are sold in Mecca every year by these hypocritical pilgrims. It is suggested that the Powers should fix an age-limit on pilgrims to Mecca, so that little children should not be led to the secret slave market in this way.

### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

MS. of Schubert's Erlkönig.	£1025
Landscape by Van der Neer.	£735
Pair of Chinese vases.	£675
Adam cabinet.	£446
Chinese black and gold cabinet.	£225
Charles II needlework panel.	£152
Queen Anne bookcase.	£150
Jacobean oak side table.	£120
Chinese lacquer screen.	£100

## A LITTLE BOOK ABOUT MIKE

The Great Scholar and the Museum Cat

### A TALE OF BLOOMSBURY

We were telling the story of Mike, the British Museum cat, and his lamented death in the C.N. the other day, and in response the Editor was delighted to receive a little booklet from a very famous scholar, Sir Ernest Wallis Budge, in which the career of Mike was set out.

The title of the booklet is

### MIKE

*The cat who assisted in keeping the Main Gate of the British Museum from February 1909 to January 1929*

It appears that between twenty and thirty years ago a cat used to prow about in the library of the British Museum. The attendants called him Black Jack. He was a handsome creature with a white shirt front and paws, and but for that black as ink.

Black Jack's great friend was the Keeper of Printed Books, Dr. Richard Garnett. Black Jack did not mind speaking to other officials, but when Dr. Garnett appeared all the rest of the world ceased to exist.

### Locked In

One day it happened that the man who shut up the Newspaper Room for the Sunday did not see Black Jack curled up under a chair. That was a very long Saturday night to Monday morning for a little black cat all by himself. He found some consolation in sharpening his claws on the bindings of the newspaper volumes.

On Monday the long scratches were seen. Persons in authority said that cat must go. There was grief among that cat's friends, but they were obliged to obey. Black Jack was officially described after that as "missing, believed killed"—but there were two or three people who could keep a secret.

Time passed by, and one morning Sir Ernest Wallis Budge, Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Rooms at Bloomsbury, saw walking toward him between the long lines of mummy cases a black cat. It was Black Jack, and he had something in his mouth. He came straight to Sir Ernest and dropped a little kitten at his feet.

The kitten was taken to the lodge at the Great Gate and given the name of Mike. We know the rest.

## A LIGHT WHICH RIDES OVER THE CLOUDS

A wave of red fire which, confronted by a fog, will find its way over the top of the cloud of fog and be visible many miles away has been discovered in a new type of neon lamp now being used at Lympne.

Sixteen 20-foot glass tubes are being arranged in the form of a cone. These tubes are exhausted by a vacuum pump and then partially filled with neon. When lighted up by an electric current the glow can be seen for 45 miles. The light is of a reddish colour which penetrates fog in a remarkable way, and one of its most important powers is that of creeping over a fog.

## EATING STONE

### Microbe Enemies of Buildings

A London botanist, Dr. Buchanan, has discovered microbes which feed on stone. The germs have been artificially cultured and are of various types. They attack stone castles, cathedrals, and monuments, and infect buildings as other germs do the human body.

Having found the disease, it may be easy to find the cure, and as a result of this discovery it may be possible to prevent the decay of beautiful buildings.

## MEMORY OF A BLIND OLD MAN

Florence Nightingale's Patient

There is an old gentleman in Manor Lodge Home for the Blind who rejoices in the proud thought that he was once nursed by Florence Nightingale.

It was at St. Thomas's Hospital, where he lay from 1868 to 1869. He was only eleven and did not realise that the Lady of the Lamp was to become one of the great figures of history. He only knew that Miss Nightingale was the kindest nurse in the world, so kind that the memory of her care remains vivid after 60 years.

There are many people who are forgotten in five or ten years, but there are some cast in so heroic a mould that they are remembered as long as life. The woman who revolutionised nursing was one of these.

## MEN OF THE TREES

We have received the annual report of the association known as The Men of the Trees.

As the C.N. has mentioned before, this admirable association (16, Mulberry Walk, Chelsea) was first started among African tribesmen in Kenya, by Mr. R. St. Barbe Baker, Assistant Conservator of Forests, with the aim of promoting the planting and care of trees. There it has been very successful.

It is a tree-planting brotherhood, seeking to enhance the natural beauties of our country; and, further, it has the fine ideal of prompting people to think constructively of the future and our successors.

In a quiet way the association, whose chairman is Sir Francis Younghusband, has been doing excellent work, and we heartily commend it to the attention of our readers.

## MEASURING A BLUSH

By Peter Puck

A marvellously sensitive machine has been designed to record degrees of radiant heat, and it can measure the exact intensity of a blush.

Remembering the test put to the Princess in Hans Andersen who would not have been a real Princess if she had not felt a pea under many mattresses we wonder if this machine will be of practical use.

"No, Joan," a parent may say, "I cannot let you be friends with Beryl. She may seem a nice girl, but she is not truly sensitive and refined. I told that really shocking story about the greedy boy who ate too many tarts, and when I tested her blush it was 15 per cent. Merely that! Of course she is not fit to know."

## THE THIRTY-ACRE SWITCH

The tumbler switch in a house is big enough to turn off the ordinary electric lamps, but big electric motors have much larger switches, often working in oil to prevent sparking.

The problem of switching current on or off is, however, a truly serious one in the case of supply lines from electric water-power stations where colossal energy at 100,000 volts or more is sent to distant cities. Some of these switches are highly complicated and have to be spread over a big area. A huge switch described the other day at an engineering society actually covered thirty acres owing to the tremendously high insulation necessary to prevent terrific flashes when the current was broken.

## CENTENARY OF THE ZOO

A Night in the Gardens  
RARE TREAT FOR OUR ZOOLOGICAL FELLOWS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Although the Zoo was born in April, 1828, it did not receive its Royal Charter until twelve months later, so it is on April 29 of this year that the centenary meeting is to be held, and in June the Fellows of the Society are to have a garden-party to celebrate the menagerie's hundredth birthday.

This garden-party will be an original entertainment, for it is being held in the Gardens after closing time; and as it will not end until after 11 p.m. the guests will enjoy the unusual experience of seeing the animals by night.

### Bedtime at Dusk

Part of the Gardens will be illuminated and the houses wired with electricity will be open; but even the lighting of the houses and grounds will not destroy the peculiar charm of studying the behaviour of the inmates of the Zoo when they know that night has descended.

To many of the animals, such as monkeys, apes, bears, and elephants, their nocturnal visitors may seem a nuisance, for these creatures regard dusk as their bedtime, and, wearied by their exertions during the day, they lie down and sleep as soon as the bell for closing-time has sounded.

Even the parrots cease to shriek, and the sea-lions no longer swim round the pond, but lie quietly on the rocks. The penguins know so well the meaning of the bell that on the first stroke the leader summons his companions round him, and leads them to the sleeping-hut. Bill, the dromedary, at once retires to bed when he hears the signal for the departure of visitors.

### After Nightfall

But for the night creatures dusk is not the time for slumber but for activity. Beavers that have been hidden all day long then leave their shelter; and in the Rodent House each inmate is on the move. Reptiles usually so still that they appear to be stuffed begin to uncoil and take an interest in life. Cats, large and small, are alert and on the prowl, their eyes shining like lamps. Night birds call to each other. Lions roar and wolves howl.

The Zoo is a strange place by night, and it is to be hoped that the excitement of a garden-party will not disturb the animals so much that they forget to welcome night in their usual way.

## A LITTLE PRESENT FOR EINSTEIN

### On the Map of Palestine

Professor Einstein, who is (relatively) fifty and (absolutely) the most eminent Jew of the day, has received a charming birthday present. It is the news that a forest is to be planted in Palestine and named after him.

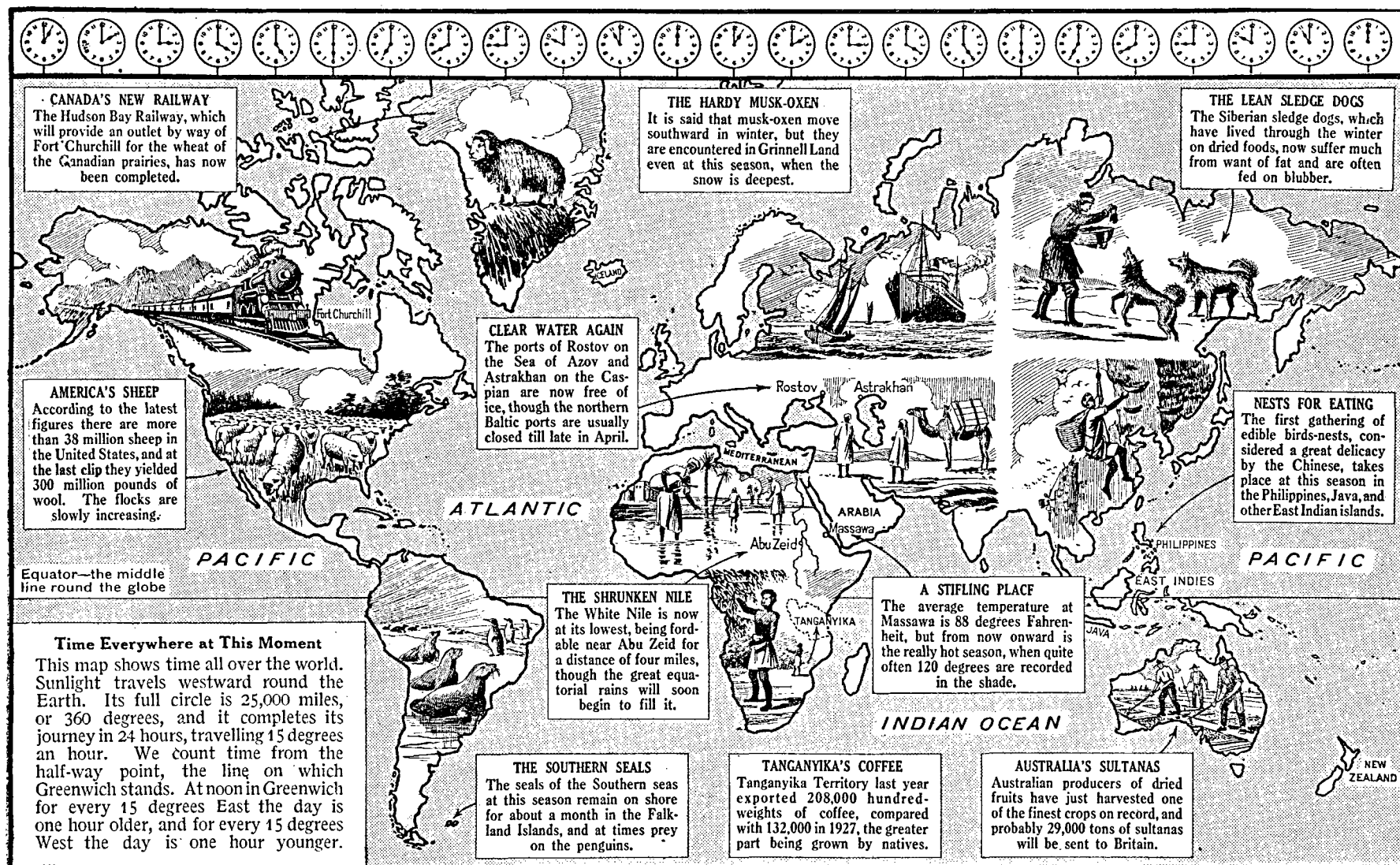
Einstein is a great believer in the Jewish revival in Palestine, where energetic Zionists are making the desert blossom as the rose.

It is said that the planting of forests and vineyards is bringing back the rain to Palestine. When conquerors laid the orchards and vineyards waste centuries ago the clouds ceased to be drawn to the country, which grew parched and barren.

The Zionists have named one of their new forests Herzl, after the founder of the movement, and one after Lord Balfour, a staunch friend. It seems right that a third plantation should be given to the Jew who has filled every man of science in the world with admiration and bewilderment.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## THE WIDOW'S MITE

### More Ways of Giving Than One

From a Correspondent

It was a very poor street, and the Salvation Army girl felt like apologising as she went round collecting the Self-Denial envelopes.

Rather timidly she knocked at a door and asked for the envelope. The lady who answered the knock pushed a large bundle toward her and said, "Here, I can't give you any money but I've been making these for you. You'll be able to sell them."

It was a big parcel, and the Army girl was at a loss what to do with it. So after visiting a few more houses she took it to the headquarters. When it was opened it was found to contain four patchwork quilts.

They were beautifully made, and evidently the lady had been collecting the patches for them a long time. The borders were of hand-made lace.

Too poor to give money, the donor had given more than money because her gift represented months of patient and constant effort. It was the widow's mite over again.

## ORANGE PEEL ON MERROW DOWNS

### Warning to Litter Louts

There can be little excuse for a man who lives at Kew Gardens throwing orange peel on Merrow Downs. Kew Gardens is the home of beauty, and the famous Downs are among the most majestic natural spectacles in the world.

Yet it was Ernest Wybery Shaw of Kew Gardens who had the misfortune to be the first man summoned by the Surrey Anti-Litter League. It was stated that he left orange peel on Merrow Downs. The chairman dismissed the case as it was the first prosecution of the kind, but promised future Litter Louts that they would be severely dealt with.

## HOW THEY TRICKED THE DRAGON

### Castor Oil at the Zoo

Sumbawa is getting too fat. She is one of the seven-foot dragons brought to the Zoo from Komodo in 1927.

It is not fashionable for dragons to be fat, and it is not healthy either, so Sumbawa's keepers tried to reduce her waist measurement by walking her round the Reptile House before visitors arrive, and they also took fowls, rabbits, and eggs out of her diet. But still Sumbawa got fat.

The Curator continued to worry about her diet and said she must have castor oil. She refused to take it. She had some forced upon her, and spat it out. At last they sewed castor oil capsules up in a rat-skin, and this time Sumbawa swallowed the dose unsuspecting!

And now if ever we have to dose a dragon we know how to set about it.

## SAVED BY HIS DOG

An instance of a dog's fidelity to his master saving the master's life comes from the Ardennes.

A group of woodcutters were surprised that one of their companions had not been seen in the village for some days. At first they did not notice it, as he was working alone at a cutting and had built himself a shelter there where he slept.

Then it was noticed that a stray dog which they knew had attached itself to him appeared in the village, barking and whining and clearly trying to attract attention to itself.

So one of the woodcutters followed it to the solitary man's shelter, and there found him lying helpless. He had been injured by a falling tree, but had dragged himself to the hut, and then he had sent the dog into the village several times before its actions had been understood.

On its return it had lain down closely beside him to keep him warm, and in that way, as well as by fetching help, had preserved his life.

## A CHANCE FOR SCOUTS

### Scheme Inspired by Wembley

Six Scottish Boy Scouts are to have a wonderful opportunity of making good in Australia.

They are to be sent out under the Whitehead Scholarship scheme, and will leave London on their great adventure in the next few weeks. Fourteen Scottish Scouts have already left for Australia under this scheme, and there may yet be other opportunities for Scouts who have the necessary qualifications.

The happy boys receive a free passage to Australia and free tuition at an agricultural college in New South Wales. While at college they receive free board and an ample supply of pocket money.

When they have finished their college course they receive a year's practical training with specially selected farmers. Again they receive free board and also a man's wages for the work they are doing.

Finally, a job is found for each boy, and if he works hard enough it may not be long before he owns a farm in Australia.

This fine scheme is really a result of the British Wembley, for Mr. Whitehead, who has granted these scholarships, was so impressed by the exhibition that he decided to help the boys who really wanted to go out to our "fair lands of promise."

## RUBBER ALMOST EVERLASTING

It has long been known that the decay of rubber goods is caused by the oxygen in the air, which attacks the rubber and perishes it.

The discovery has been made of a substance with which rubber can be protected from the bad effects of oxygen. It is called neozone, and is mixed in with the liquid rubber before it is moulded. It is said to make rubber goods almost everlasting.

## OLD BOTTLES

### Buying New Bibles With Them

There is always a way of turning a bad thing into a good thing.

One of the bad things of the world is the waste of bottles everywhere. It is evidently to the interest of bottle manufacturers to have them broken and wasted rather than to collect them for use again, and so they lie about in thousands, a constant nuisance and a constant source of danger.

We hear of a retired Army officer who has found an excellent way out of the old bottle nuisance.

When, after 31 years in the Royal Engineers, Major L. A. Sherrard retired three years ago he found life hanging rather heavily on his hands.

Being interested in the world-wide work of the Bible Society he began to wonder how he could help it, and he suddenly thought of a large number of empty medicine bottles he had. So he put them into a basket and called on the chemist. He says that at first he found it very difficult to go into the shop and ask the man if he would buy a shillingworth of bottles, but he summoned up his courage, and the chemist was as nice as he could be and said he would take more bottles if he could get them.

Thus encouraged, Major Sherrard began to collect other bottles from his friends, and by degrees, as his scheme became known, bottles began to arrive by motor and carrier from those who wanted to help. In nine months he collected nearly £30 for the Bible Society in this way.

Then he remembered what a number of nursing homes there were in Brighton; they should have plenty of bottles to give away. He asked the matrons for their disused bottles, and now once a month he calls for his supplies from thirty Brighton nursing homes.

Last year Major Sherrard collected over £50 by selling bottles for Bibles, and this year he hopes to make £100.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 30

1929

Can We Do What  
We Like?

A LITTLE time ago our energetic Home Secretary uttered some words which his critics in some of our grown-up papers thought so exquisitely foolish that they gave them the prominence which they usually keep for boxers or murderers. They have never ceased to remind the Home Secretary and their own readers of them.

What the Home Secretary said was that the old idea that a man could do as he liked with his own would not do nowadays.

How ridiculous! cried his opponents; what an attack on personal liberty! Only a Home Secretary who wants the shops to close at eight o'clock and the public-houses at ten o'clock, so as to prevent the liberty-loving Englishman from having a brighter London, would ever have said anything so outrageous.

We do not think the idea was so foolish, and we are quite sure that it is not new. It is as old as civilisation. The first law that men made when they gathered together in the Cave was that a man could not do what he liked with his own if by doing so he injured the tribe.

It is the law of Christianity. Love thy neighbour as thyself. Before a man does what he likes with his own he must take thought that his neighbour suffers no injury. Jesus did not say that one sin was worse than another, but His fiercest denunciations were against those who profited at the expense of their poorer neighbours.

Men who care nothing for Christ or His teaching have always tried to evade His great command. They are the people who have always angrily declared that they could do what they liked with their own. The slave-drivers said it. The chimney-sweeps who drove their child apprentices up the chimney by lighting wood fires under them said it. The unscrupulous owners of insanitary factories said it. The shipowners who sent coffin ships to sea said it. The slum landlords say it.

But the truth is that the world's progress makes it less possible every day to say it. Who did what he liked with his own in the war? Who dared to turn on his electric switch before the blind was drawn? Who dared to eat two rolls or take two lumps of sugar? Even the Editor of the Daily Mail cannot clean his clothes with petrol in his own house without running the risk of a fine of twenty pounds.

The fact is that none of us live to ourselves alone. We are part of the world, and must play the game. Life is a Test Match and we belong to one of the Elevens.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

## Daddy in the Honours List

THE nicest remark made about the new Honours List came from a very tiny girl, and the C.N. vouches for its truth.

"Darling," said the mother, "the King has made Daddy a baronet."

"Bovver!" replied the child. "I didn't want him to be any different!"

Surely no greater tribute was ever paid to a father. It must have pleased him more than his title.

## Injustice to a Word

WE are very unjust to some of our word friends.

A scholar has been pointing out that the word pagan really comes from the Latin *pagus*, meaning a village, and that it merely means countrified. How has its meaning changed so radically?

Once the world worshipped gods or demons who were supposed to be fierce and greedy, and who demanded blood on their altars—the blood of beasts or men. In the dark parts of the world these beliefs are still held.

When the first Christian missionaries began to teach a finer religion they worked in the cities, which became centres of light while the horrible old ceremonies were still performed in country places. Thus countrified rites, or pagan rites, came to mean the rites of the old religions. Today pagan means the opposite of Christian. Poor word! We could never get back to its true and innocent meaning now.

## The Mothers

I REMEMBER seeing five thousand prisoners coming back to liberty, and the one thing I heard many of them say was: "Well, we should not have been here but for the mothers of Belgium." Rev. Harry Blackburne

## After Church

By a Correspondent

AT the foot of the bell tower of the old church stood a little group after service. The weather was cold and unpromising. The congregation was small and spirits were chilled.

"We're not modern enough," said the smartest of the sidesmen.

"That's it!" said a stander-by; "we want to look at everything afresh in the light of the new knowledge."

"Something a bit livelier, more on kinema lines, I say," said another.

"What about advertising more?" asked the youngest of the group. "It seems to pay."

And the parson, coming along with his daughter, heard it and said "Yes; but by more lovingkindness spread around!"

"And," chimed in his daughter, "a little less talk!"

Then the group melted away, but they were shaking their heads.

## England on a Cloudy Day

I SEE her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity she has a secret vigour and a pulse like a cannon.

I see her in her old age, not decrepit, but young, and still daring to believe in her power of endurance and expansion.

Seeing this, I say All hail, Mother of Nations, Mother of Heroes, with strength still equal to the time; still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the mind and heart of mankind require at the present hour.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

## Tip-Cat

PETER PUCK much regrets that his chimney has the flu.

A COMPANY is being formed to give us something to hang advertisements on our telephones. How perfectly delightful!

THERE was a man who thought the world was his oyster. Now his son is grumbling because there is no pearl for him.

EVERY thousandth man in Chicago was arrested the other day. And we always thought the thousandth man such a fine fellow.

THE city of the future, we are told, will be up in the air. We shall have to wait until somebody takes the matter up.

Peter Puck Wants  
To KnowIf Spring is a re-  
leaf to the trees

A CHESS champion has been hit by a car. And felt badly huffed.

EVERY politician has at least one good idea. Which is usually somebody else's.

AN English novelist has gone to live at the top of a New York skyscraper. He will now be able to write stories of high life.

AN expert says there are no bad games. It is the players that are not always good.

A DEALER complains that antiques are dearer than ever. Everybody is growing so fond of them.

AN advertisement offers men's hats for next to nothing. A special line, no doubt, for bald heads.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

MARYLEBONE GRAMMAR SCHOOL has received £10,000 from an old scholar, Lord Rothermere.

SOMEONE has been going round dropping £5 notes in the letter-boxes of Nottingham charities.

## Sweet of the Year

IN the grey garden closes  
The birds sing ring o' roses,  
Of budding leaves and posies,  
At noon they make good cheer.  
And though the eve be chilly,  
What news of rose and lily?  
For Trumpeter Daffodilly  
Blows in the sweet o' the year.

IN pastures stiff and frozen  
As Iceland or as Posen  
New lambs creep by the dozen  
To the warm mother's side.  
With wayward smiles and glances  
The cold young Spring advances,  
And soon her light foot dances  
On daisies, golden-eyed.

PACK, snow, your day is over,  
Make way for dew and clover;  
Now every bird's a lover  
And every lad a king,  
And all the girls are graces  
So fine in silk and laces,  
And Love in hidden places,  
And eggs under a wing.

THERE'S snow on plum and  
cherry,  
And lovers making merry,  
Come's leafy sanctuary  
For many a nestling dear.  
While in grey garden closes  
Wild loves sing ring o' roses  
And daffodil uncloses,  
Comes in the sweet o' the year.

Katharine Tynan

## Three Sentences

IT was at a luncheon party in a cathedral town, and among us was a gentleman who had a pet antipathy; the name of Mussolini.

To him (as to us) it stood for tyranny, and the rest waited with amused interest for the explosion whenever this name was mentioned.

And at the luncheon party, even as the crystallised pears were being handed round, someone spoke the word! All our heads turned toward Mr. Jones, but what did we hear, instead of the usual abuse? Nothing. He was silent.

We asked him what had changed him, and he said that it was something Mussolini had been writing about his mother. Mr. Jones had copied it out in his notebook, and he read it aloud: "She might be alive now. She might have lived and enjoyed my political success. It was not to be, but to me it is a comfort to feel that even now she can see me and help me in my labours with her unequalled love."

"The man who can write that I must try to understand," said Mr. Jones. "It is exceedingly strange how those few sentences have checked the words of criticism that have been ready to burst from my lips. The sentences presume a great deal, a very great deal; but I bow my head to the shining faith that is there."

## Spring Creeps On

Mindful of disaster past,  
And shrinking at the northern blast,  
The sleety storm returning still,  
The morning hoar, the evening chill,  
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.

Thomas Warton



March 30, 1929

The Children's Newspaper

7

## MAKING THE WORLD A LITTLE BETTER HOW A FAMOUS EDITOR IS DOING IT

The Beautiful Story of a Tower  
in Florida

### A FINE HILLTOP

One of the last activities of President Coolidge before he made way at the White House in Washington for his successor President Hoover was to go down to Florida, the most southern and tropical of the American States, and there dedicate a bird sanctuary and a commemorative tower.

The tower contains a carillon of bells and on the largest of the bells is this inscription: *This Carillon is a tribute of affection from Edward William Bok to his grandparents, lovers of beauty.*

The sanctuary, the tower, the bells complete a charming story that has been told before in the C.N. almost to its end. Here we will recall the early story and finish it.

### The Island of Nightingales

A hundred years or more ago, off the coast of Holland, was a windswept, dangerous island inhabited by wreckers. The Government sent a young man there with full powers to enforce law and honest dealing. To do it he had to live on the island. So he set himself to make it a pleasanter place by planting trees and shrubs and flowers. They grew, and the island became a place of beauty, a haunt of birds, and in spring a home of melody. Nightingales frequented it so much that it was at last known as the Island of Nightingales.

The children of the island-reformer were sent forth to make their way in the world, but always they were told by their mother to take their father as a pattern, and to "Make the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have lived in it."

### A Lovely Rule of Life

Some of the children crossed to America, and there passed on to their children this lovely rule of life. One of these children, grandson of the island-reformer, is the Edward William Bok who has made this bird sanctuary and built this commemorative tower with the bells in Florida.

He was drawn to do this by the story of the nightingales on the once desolate Dutch island. If his grandfather attracted the nightingales there by his tree and shrub-planting why should he not make the nightingales at home in America, where no nightingale had been heard? He imported nightingales from England, kept them in cages twenty feet long, twenty feet high, and twelve feet broad, and presently they began to sing.

As far as we know they have not yet been freed that they may live and breed at liberty. But around them has been collected a genuine sanctuary for birds native to America, and in the midst of it Mr. Bok has built the tower commemorating the grandparents whose example he is trying to follow.

### Mountain Lake Memorial

The place where this memorial has been established is called Mountain Lake. It is not that there is much of a mountain or much of a lake. Florida is a very flat State. Indeed, the whole of the coast of the United States from the State of Maine southward to the tip of Florida is flat for sixty miles inland. The highest ground in that vast region

## MORE ROUND PONDS?

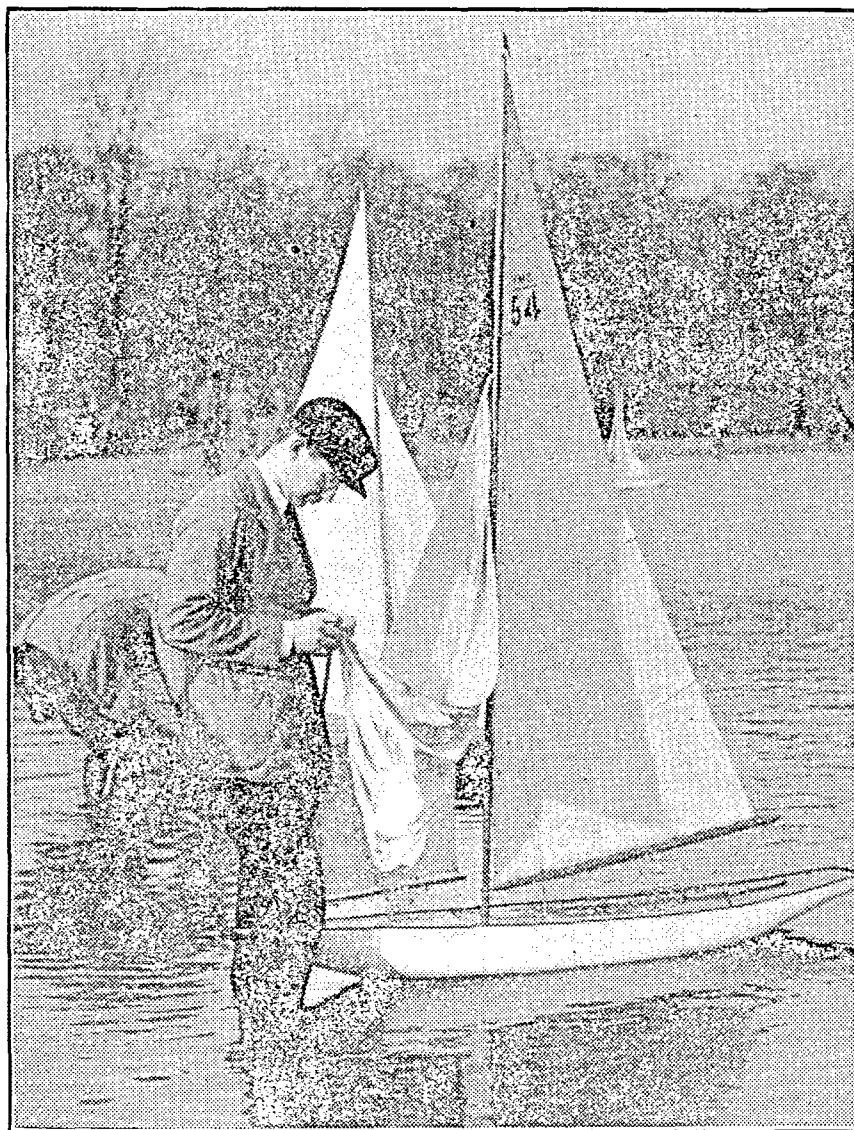
EVERYONE who knows the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens knows of the enthusiasm of the owners of model yachts. But few probably are aware how model yachting is organised.

The grave and reverend seniors have the Model Yacht Association as their central and authoritative body, we believe, and there are various local clubs. Now an Imperial Junior League of Model Yachtsmen is being promoted, and the L.C.C. Boys have started a Model Yacht Club, a movement supported by the London League of Metropolitan Model Yachtsmen.

The youngsters have as one of their aims the formation of Round Ponds, like the one at Kensington, but preferably with raised sides similar to the basins in Trafalgar Square, in each quarter of London.

With our great national need for interest in water-craft we cannot begin too soon with the creation in the youthful mind of a taste for sailing, which is the foundation of all seamanship. Mr. G. Colman-Green, of 18, Downs Park Road, E.8, is the secretary of the Junior League.

## PETER PAN'S ROUND POND



The great popularity of model yachting has led to the formation of clubs and associations devoted to the hobby, as told on this page. One of their aims is the creation in each quarter of London of lakes like the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, where this picture was taken.

Continued from the previous column

is only 324 feet, and that is the mountain in Florida on which Mr. Bok has erected his tower.

From this tower a view can be had for fifty miles around over the vast fruit orchards—limes and oranges and grapefruit trees of the plain. The tower is 205 feet high, and is built of stone from Georgia and Florida, grey and pink, and the American papers claim for it, of course, that it is the most beautiful structure of the kind in the world, not excepting the Taj Mahal at Agra, and evidently not excepting the Victoria Tower at Westminster. In its topmost chamber it has a carillon of 61 bells, the largest bell weighing ten and a-half tons and the smallest sixteen pounds.

The carillon, from the famous foundry of Messrs. Taylor of Loughborough, in Leicestershire, is, again according to the American papers, the finest in the world. It is operated by Anton Brees, from Antwerp. From December till May the carillon will be heard daily at sunset, and recitals will be given at Christmas and on special occasions such as the birthdays of George Washington,

Abraham Lincoln, and Robert Edward Lee. Around the tower, extending downward from the summit of the mountain and embracing 50 acres of woodland, shrubberies, and long grasses, is the sanctuary for the birds, of which cranes, pelicans, and flamingoes are the most conspicuous. There are water pools for drinking and bird-baths, and quiet feeding-places in the thickets, with every arrangement that is pleasing to birds.

Mr. Bok is throwing open this attractive hilltop to the American people, who he feels will welcome it as a place of rest as readily as the birds will feel it is a place of safety.

And so Mr. Bok, the retired editor of one of America's famous monthlies, expresses his adherence to his grandmother's plea for making the world more beautiful and better, and sets the sign of it upon a hill, and the President of the land dedicates it.

So closes the story which began on a bare, rude island in the North Sea, very fitly, except that the nightingales, which cannot live wild in tropical Florida or fly away to their familiar haunts, seem somewhat out of place.

## WINTER GUESTS AT GENEVA THE COLONY ON THE LAKE

The Perky Bald-headed Coots  
and Their Friends

### RIDES ON LITTLE ICEBERGS

By Our Geneva Correspondent

One of the charms of Geneva unsuspected by summer visitors is the colony of birds which inhabits the lake during the winter months.

Swans are always there (or have been since they were first imported nearly a hundred years ago), and all the year round they solemnly ride the water like ships in full sail.

But there comes a day every autumn when the swans are joined by an immense crowd of feathered companions, numbering three to four thousand, and in and out among these smaller fry the dignified swans, move somewhat impatiently until, one spring day, they are left alone in their glory again, all the others having disappeared.

### Determined Little Fellows

About half of this water population of the winter is made up of the perky little bald-headed coots. They are not really bald, but are crowned with a patch of white which earns for them the name. They are determined little fellows, these coots, and when by chance one of them has the luck to grab a tasty morsel of bread not snapped up by a greedy seagull he scuttles away with it though he does not always succeed in keeping it.

They may be seen at any time of the day or night, caught unawares by the swift current, facing upstream and paddling away for dear life just to keep themselves where they are without being swept along, a fine object-lesson in dogged determination. Their diving is a fine sight, and one is never tired of speculating how long they will remain under water and how far away they will bob up again.

### Graceful Gulls

The next of these flying visitors, in point of numbers about a third of the whole, are the gulls, the black-headed and lesser black-backed gulls with an occasional common little and kittiwake gull.

Greedy creatures, these gulls, but oh! so graceful. See them swirling in great sweeping curves for the bread which is thrown to them, nipping it from an outstretched hand, catching it on the wing, missing it and swooping down to recover it before it reaches the water, standing on a rail with some enormous titbit held for a moment and then gulped down whole. Hear their excited squawking and the whirr of their wonderful wings! London parks have them, too, but hardly in such quantities.

### Winter Hardships

The shimmering tufted duck and the modest little grebe also join this company at Geneva, and sometimes among them may be found golden-eyed, long-tailed, and harlequin ducks.

This severe winter has been a queer time for these feathered folk. They found their swimming-place strangely constricted; some of them were caught unawares and shut in by the relentless ice. But most of them were alert enough to see what was happening, and hopped up on this solid water and pattered about on it quite happily. Some were venturesome enough to take exciting rides downstream on some of the little icebergs.

The swans, unable to move so quickly, were less fortunate and, hemmed in by ice, had to be rescued by boatmen.

But they are such favourite visitors that food was never lacking even in the severest weather.



## WORLD BUREAU OF THE GIRL GUIDES

### Some Questions Before It A USEFUL CHILD GROWING UP

As C.N. readers know, the International Girl Guide Conference in Hungary last summer established a World Bureau to control the interests of the Guide movement.

Under the direction of its first president, Dame Katharine Furse, the bureau is settling down to work, and Dame Katharine has outlined its aims to the forty countries concerned.

"My great desire," she says, "is to make the World Bureau a really useful centre for information and assistance to Girl Guides and Girl Scouts in all parts of the world. I also hope to build up such a centre of knowledge of child well-being, particularly from the point of view of health and happiness, through recreation and service for others, that we may become of real use to all those who are dealing with children."

#### World-Wide Aims

Such a bureau, with such definite world-wide aims, must naturally take time to put on a sound and permanent footing, but the first rough draft of the constitution by which it is to be governed has been wisely based on the Boy Scout International Bureau.

In no sense is the international committee to be made into a mere meeting of representatives of different countries. The work of the members is to bring their experiences from all parts of the world to help in the better training of girls, apart from any thought of nationality.

It is interesting in this connection, therefore, to note the countries from which the first nine members of the committee, chosen by secret ballot, have been selected, as their experiences in those countries are bound to have great influence on the movement as a whole. The countries in alphabetical order are: Belgium, Britain, Holland, Hungary, Norway, Poland, Sweden, Switzerland, and the United States.

#### A Common Flag

In the meantime, apart from the organisation of the bureau, various questions are also being considered which will prove of very real interest to the Girl Guides themselves. There is the question of a common flag which could be adopted as the symbol of the world-wide movement, and used, not only with the national flag of any country, but as company colours. There is the question of a world-wide badge, for which the Girl Guides and Girl Scouts of every country are invited to send in designs. There is the question of finding a common name by which the sisterhood could be universally known.

It is not often that we have the chance to look on while the foundations of such a constitution are laid, and we must look at it; not in its present embryo stage, but as it may be ten or twenty years hence, when the bureau will surely have become a mighty instrument for good.

## COST OF NAPOLEON TO FRANCE

### Professor Richet and His Work

A famous French scientist, Professor Charles Richet, has passed away.

He lived a long and busy life and was a great friend of humanity. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in the year before the war. He wrote poetry and plays, and was a prominent advocate of arbitration between nations.

It was Professor Richet who declared that Napoleon's lust for power cost France eight million lives.

## A Great Injustice by the British People

### THE WRONG DONE TO A FAMOUS MAN

#### Dramatic Story of the Night When the Victorious Troops Came Home

### THE SOLITARY MAN AND THE KNOCK THAT CAME AT HIS DOOR

Richard Burdon Haldane. An Autobiography. (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.)

There has been no greater act of injustice committed by the British nation than the dismissal of Lord Haldane from his place in its esteem.

Those who remember the days of that base act of ingratitude are not likely to forget it; it is one more witness to what we must call the beastliness of war. If it can be said of any single man that he sowed the seeds of the British victory in the war it is of Lord Haldane that it should be said, and yet it was this man who, early in the war, was driven from public life and treated as a traitor by men and papers not fit to clean his shoes.

#### The Great Thing He Did

Richard Burdon Haldane began life with a brilliant career at the Bar, and he gave himself to public service for the love of it. He served the nation in many ways, but the greatest thing he did for which he is remembered now was his creation of the Territorial Army, which was to be the foundation of the British force that saved the Allies.

It was because of the intellectual interests of Lord Haldane, who had not been afraid to appreciate German literature, and because of his efforts to make friendship with Germany before the war that his enemies created an atmosphere so bitterly hostile to him that his friend Mr Asquith was unable to keep him in his Cabinet. The delirium of one newspaper brought about a deluge of 2600 letters to the House of Lords one day. Lord Haldane gave them to the kitchen-maid unopened, but the storm of which they were a part had its effect, and Lord Haldane became a solitary figure in the very years when his statesmanship was being vindicated for all time.

#### The Sower of the Seed

If any men knew the truth about the victory in the field they were Mr. Asquith and Lord Haig, and it was Mr. Asquith who, a few days after the war broke out, said to Lord Haldane "if the country is prepared for this war it is to you more than any other person that it owes it." When the war was over, before he left G.H.Q. in France, Haig sat down and wrote to Lord Haldane some memorable words. Until Lord Haldane arrived at the War Office, he said, no one knew for what purpose our army existed, and he went on to say: "You then sowed the seeds which have developed into the tremendous instrument which has vanquished the famous German Army and brought about a victorious peace."

Yet all through the war this sower of the seed of victory had a disagreeable time. He was threatened with assault in the street, and at times was in danger of being shot. It was not until the war was over that the truth dawned on the public mind.

#### The Solitary Figure

The most dramatic page in this book is that which tells of a night after the Armistice when Haig and the King rode through London with the victorious British troops. This is what Lord Haldane writes:

I was left alone, solitary in my study at Queen Anne's Gate. It was after dark that evening when my servant came upstairs to me and said that there was an officer who wanted to see me, but who would not give his name.

My servant was careful in these days, for strange people had tried to get into the house to have sight of me, and he had been warned from Scotland Yard to be cautious about letting unknown

people enter. However, I told him to show to my room the officer, whoever he was, who had called.

The door was opened, and who should enter but a friend who was indeed intimately known to me, Field-Marshal Douglas Haig, come from a triumphant ride with his Sovereign along the Mall. "I am not going to remain," he exclaimed; "my purpose is to leave with you a book in which I have written something."

With that he insisted on going away. The book was a volume containing his Despatches, and on the page at the beginning he had written these affectionate words:

*To Viscount Haldane of Cloan, the greatest Secretary of State for War England has ever had. In grateful remembrance of his successful efforts in organising the military forces for a war on the Continent, notwithstanding much opposition from the Army Council and the half-hearted support of his Parliamentary friends.* Haig, F.M.

#### Going Home

But enough of that tragic chapter of our story. Lord Haldane was far too great a man not to know that it was not the nation that had judged him, but an ignorant mob who had made life intolerable for him in the hour of its insanity. No man bore injustice with greater dignity. We think of him as we thought of his friend Lady Tweedmouth, of whom he tells in this book. She died 25 years ago of a painful disease, but although she was told by the doctors that her life was soon to end, she did not flinch, she would not tell her friends, but she kept all her engagements and carried on. Lord Haldane and her husband were the only two to whom she told her secret, and they kept it faithfully. Lord Haldane gave her Emily Brontë's poems to read, and she found them a source of strength. At last, when her social engagements were over, she bade farewell to Lord Haldane and took leave of him for the last time on going to her home in Guishachan Forest. "There," she said, "I go to die like a wounded stag."

#### His Wonderful Mother

Lord Haldane was like that. He had the hall-mark of nobility. There are pages in this book which show how those who knew him trusted him. Lord Rothschild said once to him: "I do not know what you are come for, but I have said to myself that if you ask me to write a cheque for £25,000 and to ask no questions I will do it on the spot." Sir Ernest Cassel gave half a million for education on the one condition that Lord Haldane took control of it.

That was the sort of trust he inspired in those who knew him.

He had a wonderful mother, who lived to be a hundred, and for more than half a century he wrote to her every day. He was that kind of man, one of the greatest public servants our country has had, and one of the most ill-used. The last words in this book are like him; they are a plea that we should "keep ourselves humble in mind and avoid self-seeking and vanity."

It should do us all a world of good to read this handsome volume. It is easy to read, and it holds us fast as we read it, for we know that we are in the presence of a man posterity will delight to honour. Richard Burdon Haldane had the modesty of greatness, and he stands truly among the heroes.

## DYING TREES

### Pathetic Relics of - Livingstone

### AGE AND LIGHTNING DESTROY THEM

Time has written the sentence of doom on two famous trees in Africa.

One is the tree under which Stanley met Livingstone after the explorer had been lost for years in the heart of Central Africa. The other is the tree in which Livingstone's heart was buried.

The tree of meeting is at the old slave-raiding village of Ujiji, in Tanganyika Territory; a mango tree where Stanley saw an aged man, grey and worn with disease, and dared not at first believe that this was the gentle hero who had consecrated himself to the task of banishing mystery from the map and tragedy from the lives of the hunted natives.

#### The Tale of Decay

A traveller home from the scene has been telling our Royal Geographical Society that the great tree, over which nearly sixty years have passed since the memorable meeting, is fast decaying. Its spreading branches are withering and being consumed by disease; and great spiders, which avoid the stir and thrust of vigorous life, spread their snares among its sere and failing leaves.

The tale of decay is not new. Four years ago the British Administrative Officer in charge of the district had the forethought to encircle the tree with a stout stone wall and iron fence. That served to secure the site from native and animal encroachment, but not to stay the progress of disease. The tree is dying rapidly and must soon fall. Recognising the inevitable, the Tanganyika Government has voted £50 for a memorial to be erected on the spot.

#### In the Wilds of Chitambo

Livingstone is in the Abbey now; his heart was enclosed in the trunk of a giant baob tree in the wilds of Chitambo, north-east of Rhodesia. There it was placed, after embalming, by those faithful blacks who bore the body a thousand miles to the coast and thousands of miles over sea to England.

Before they left on their tremendous adventure these gallant fellows arranged with the local chief to have the neighbourhood of the tree kept clear of grass so that forest fires might not reach it. But they could not guard against the elements. Lightning blasted the tree.

There, too, the bricklayer had to take the place of Nature and build a lasting memorial. The monument is crowned by a Cross which stands at the top of a sloping column. The reason for this shape is that elephants used to rub against the memorial and destroy it.

## SHARING OUR BEAUTIFUL THINGS

The owners of over 700 country houses threw their gardens open to the public at a small charge during the six summer months of last year, and in this way nearly £7000 was collected to help the funds of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing.

It was a capital idea, for it enabled people who loved flowers to have a happy time and to feel that they were helping the sick poor; and it helped the happy owners of beautiful gardens to help the sick by sharing their happiness with their less fortunate neighbours.

Nearly £700 was collected in this way in Surrey gardens; next came Dorsetshire and the West Riding of Yorkshire with over £500 each; and next came Hertfordshire and Kent with over £400. The King's gardens at Sandringham brought in over £700.



March 30, 1929

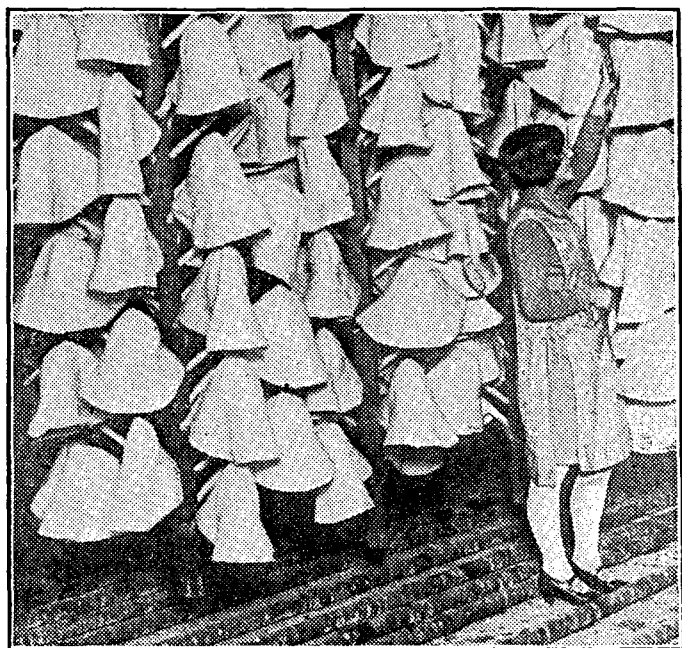
The Children's Newspaper

9

# PRUNING LONDON'S TREES · MAKING HATS · NEW IDEA FOR SIDECARS



**Pruning London's Trees**—London is justly proud of its parks, and great care is taken of the trees which help to make them beautiful. Here we see some of them in Hyde Park being pruned.



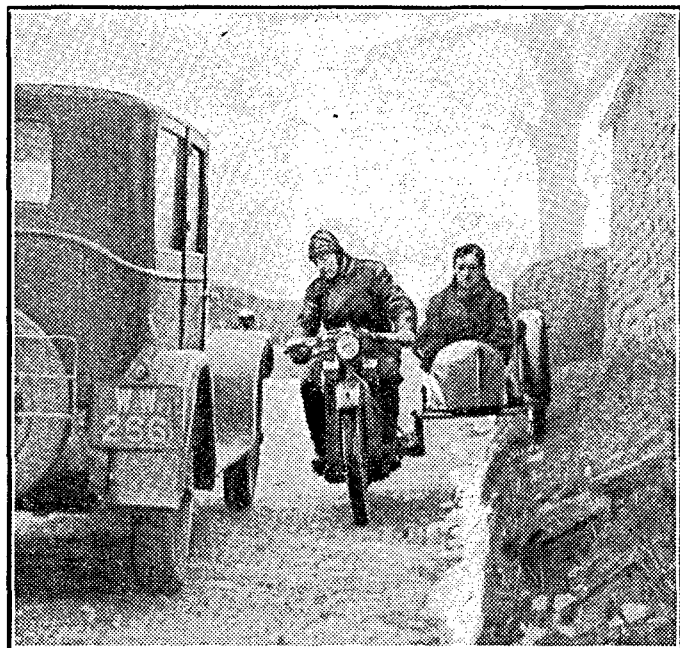
**Hats in the Making**—This picture from Luton, the home of straw hats, shows a corner of one of the great factories where thousands of hats are bleached and dried before they are modelled into the required shapes.



**Rowing for Health**—Judging by this crew rowing appears to be a healthy pastime for girls.



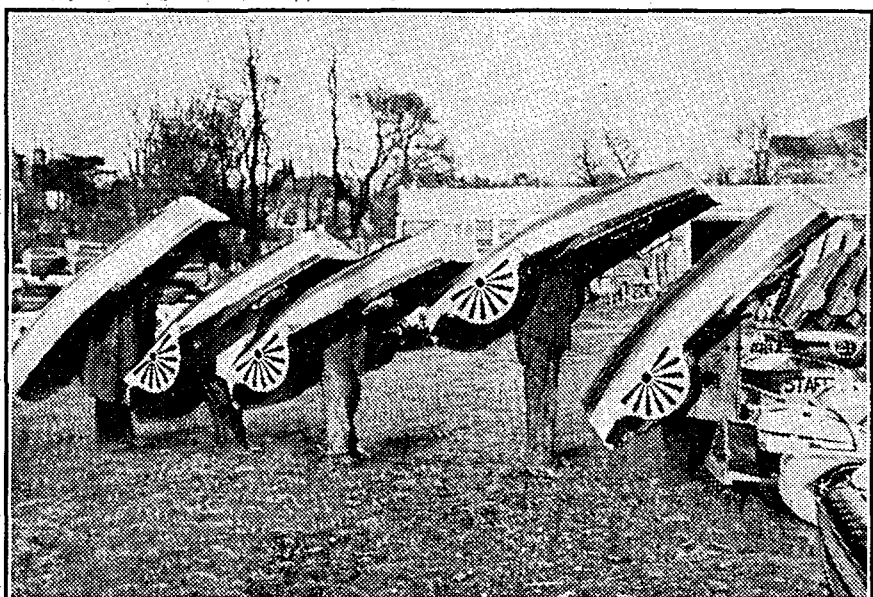
**A Good Catch**—Lacrosse, which has been evolved from a game played by North American Indians, is more popular in Canada than in England, but here is a game in progress at Oxford between two teams of ladies.



**New Idea for Sidecars**—This sidecar, which can be raised and lowered by the driver, has just been invented. Not only is it useful in rough country, but sharp bends in the road can be taken with greater safety.



**Playmates**—Model motor-cars are very popular, but even in this mechanical age most boys would no doubt prefer, like this little fellow, to have a Shetland pony for a companion.



**A Sign of Spring**—This curious spectacle was seen at Catford, where the little boats in which children enjoy themselves on the Southend Ponds are being prepared for summer days.



## THE TOLL GATES OF OLD ENGLAND WRONG WAY OF DOING THINGS

How it Persists Throughout the Ages

### 143 GATES TO GO

The old idea that taxation is a way of doing people good dies very hard.

One would think, for instance, that toll bars would have all been used for firewood a generation or two ago. But no, there are 143 toll gates in this country still.

An American who landed at Plymouth lately had been told, rightly enough, that the best way of seeing England was to travel its roads by motor-car. So he hired a car and set out from Plymouth, keeping as near as he could to the south coast until he reached Margate.

### The Charge for Admission

When asked at Margate what he thought of England he replied that it was beautiful, but so it ought to be, considering how much and how often it charged for admission; and as a proof he produced 17 toll-gate tickets.

By going farther he might have increased his experience of English restrictions almost indefinitely, for, according to the Automobile Association, we have 55 toll roads and 88 toll bridges. Canny Scotland has only one, and that is a charge by a railway company on motor-cars.

The charges themselves are quaintly varied. They run from two shillings a vehicle, at Dunham Bridge on the Lincoln road, down past eighteenpence on the King's Ferry Bridge to the Isle of Sheppey, to ninepence, which seems to be a stock charge over the lower Yorkshire Ouse, for it is in use twice in the course of five miles.

Curiosities in charges can be encountered at Shoreham in Sussex, where fourpence is paid for a hearse and twopence for the body it carries; and at Swinford Bridge, on the Oxford road, where a farthing has to be paid for the passage of every calf, pig, sheep, or lamb.

### A Lesson in Self-Government

One of the most comprehensive sweeps is made at Tuckton Bridge over the River Stour, which separates the boroughs of Bournemouth and Christchurch. There a motor-car pays twopence and the driver and one passenger go free, but from everyone else a half-penny is charged whether the crossing is made on foot, or in a motor-car, or on a tramcar. A two-wheeled vehicle, including a pram, pays a penny, and for a horse drawing the vehicle another penny is charged. And all these charges separating two friendly towns go on still because neither of them had gumption enough to build a bridge and secure freedom for traffic, but allowed bridges to be built for private profit. That is the general explanation of these shameless and ridiculous survivals.

Today it may be said with something like fairness that the presence of a toll bridge is a proof that the community has much to learn in the business of governing itself.

### COOLING FOR A YEAR

Mirror Weighing More Than a Ton and a Half

A huge mirror which took nearly a year to cool down has been made in America for a large reflecting telescope.

Weighing more than a ton and a half, it is 69 inches in diameter and 10 inches thick. Discs of glass of this great size are very difficult to get free from defects, and after the molten glass is poured into the mould it has to be kept hot by electric heaters and cooled down over a period of many months.

## THE BUS TICKET Money Thrown Away HOW GLASGOW SAVES THE BAWBEES

It has been stated in Glasgow that forty per cent of Glasgow's tram tickets are put in the boxes provided for the purpose, and that an experiment has shown that in London the number put in boxes is only eight per cent.

We hope this is not a fair representation of the case, but if so we must point out that the system in Glasgow is twenty years old, and we are not aware that London has been educated in this way for twenty weeks. The London pavements at every bus terminus are still strewn with tickets in spite of the fact that the tickets thrown away would be worth hundreds of pounds a year if put in the boxes. Instead of that our people throw them in the street and spend hundreds of pounds a year in having them picked up.

It seems to us that the least our tram and bus companies can be asked to do is either to educate their passengers into dropping their tickets into boxes or to pay for the work of picking them up in the street.

## FEEDING FOUR MILLIONS What the Chicago Scouts Did

Every boy who scattered crumbs for the hungry birds during the winter will feel a glow of sympathetic envy of what the Boy Scouts of Chicago have done for these winged friends of us all.

The Chicago Boy Scouts have given a feast to four million birds in one day. Round Chicago are forest sanctuaries for the birds, and they have been very cold places this spring. Cold as they are, four million birds at least dwell there, for they know no better place to go to.

The Boy Scouts and another organisation, the Izaak Walton League, bought or begged 8000 loaves, many bushels of seeds, basketfuls of suet and fat and cheese fragments, and took these loads by trucks and cars to six different places in the forest.

Then the boys cleared the ground and scattered the feast.

Woodpeckers, chickadees, pheasants, quails, robins, nuthatches—and, of course, the English sparrows which go everywhere—sallied forth to the feast. They gave thanks in chirps; and if their language could be translated it would be found to contain words of praise for the Boy Scouts' kindly, welcome act.

## A GOOD POOR MAN'S COUNTRY

High Wages as Old as the Mayflower

Most people know that wages in the United States are much higher than they are in Europe.

In the factories of the Northern States it is no uncommon thing for the earnings of men and women to average six, seven, or even eight pounds a week.

What is not so generally known is that in America the tradition of high wages is as old as the country, dating back to the Mayflower.

In 1633 Governor Winthrop noted that the "excessive rates" charged by workmen "grew into a general complaint" which called for legislative action, and Gabriel Thomas in 1698 wrote to urge the poor workers of England to emigrate to America because "the encouragements are very great and inviting, for Poor People of all kinds can here get three times the wages for their labour they can in England."

The celebrated William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, said in a letter that "all provisions are reasonable but labour dear, which makes it a good poor man's country."

## ARMS AND NO ARMS Who Is Secure?

We hear without end of arms and security, and it is curious to compare the situations in two countries, one almost wholly disarmed and the other still armed to the teeth.

At the Peace Germany was allowed to retain four old cruisers with leave to replace them later with four new vessels. One would have supposed that in her defenceless state she would hasten to make the most of this permission; yet it is only now, ten years after the Armistice, that her Government is insisting on building one of the four.

### What Germany Knows

The plain fact is that Germany no longer lives in fear of attack. She knows that if she keeps her treaties she is safe. She has exchanged promises with her neighbours not to attempt to change her frontiers by force, and those promises, so far as France and Belgium are concerned, are sealed by the guarantee of Britain and Italy. *Disarmed Germany enjoys security.*

Yet fully-armed France says she has no security, or would have none if her armies were to be withdrawn from the Rhine. She talks at Geneva about reducing armaments, but at home she is actually increasing them.

### Greatest Military Power

A Radical, M. Montigny, not long ago drew up a memorandum showing that while French naval and military expenditure before the war totalled 64 million pounds it has now reached 90 millions. This includes the Republican Guard, the Colonial Army, and the Gendarmery (which are soldiers and not police). The standing professional long-service army of France, which was under 100,000 strong before the war, will be two and a-half times as strong again by next year and four times as strong by the end of 1930. The number of men with the colours (long service and short) before the war was 558,000; this year it will be 600,000, and in 1930 it will be 638,000.

All this is without including the reserve, men who have been trained as soldiers and have returned to private life, but who could be called up to the colours at the threat of war. With these France will be, in these days of disarmament, the greatest military Power ever known. And yet we are told that she lacks security!

## ONE IN CHARITY

United Church in Canada

Three years ago the Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists of Canada decided that, as there were so many more things upon which they were agreed compared with those on which they differed, they would all join and form one big Protestant Church.

The experiment has been so successful that the United Church of Canada, as it calls itself, has invited the British Free Churches to send some of their members over to Canada to see the new Church at work this summer.

Twelve hundred pilgrims will leave England for the purpose, the Secretary of the Colonial Missionary Society told the C.N. "We have chartered the whole of the accommodation of the White Star liner Doric, and on the journey out lectures will be given to us on Canadian history and on the work of the United Church by Dr. Gunn, of Toronto, the Moderator of the Church."

The passing of unhappy rivalries among some of the Churches in Canada has meant that they have been greatly strengthened spiritually and have been able to build up strong Churches where before there were often three small struggling ones.

## NEWS FROM THE COUNTRY

The Vicar Calls to See  
Ned Browne

AND THE POSTMAN  
POCKETS A BIRD

By Our Country Girl

"Good gracious!" said we. "Where have you been?"

The Vicar was hot and muddy, and old Mary said he looked as if he had been dragged through a holly bush.

He said he had only been to see Ned Browne. Then we understood.

Ned Browne's cottage lies far away, and the Vicar had done ten miles of rough, hilly, moorland walking.

When Ned Browne was young he thought nothing of that walk on market-day and Sunday, but he has been bed-ridden for years now. "As he can't come to church, church must come to him," says the Vicar, and he tramps out to hold a service in Ned's bedroom.

### A Wonderful Choir

"We have a wonderful choir," he says. "Birds are fluttering about the room and singing all the time."

"Does the old man keep caged birds?" we asked, feeling rather shocked.

"No, no," the Vicar protested; "they were wild birds, and the window was open all the time. He has had nothing to do for years except to make friends with the birds who build in the ivy round his cottage, and now they have perfect faith in him. The room is as much theirs as his. They were as free in it as in a wood."

So Ned Browne is never lonely now.

That set us thinking of another bird-lover, our postman. During the bad frost this year he kept finding half-dead birds on the ground. He put them in his pocket, and by the end of his rounds the warmth from his body had thawed them. But they were still weak and starving, so he kept them till the weather grew warmer.

### Little Green Spittires

His hobby is keeping lovebirds, and at first he put the wild birds into the aviary with his pets, but the little green spittires attacked the newcomers and he had to devise a second aviary for them. He had about 40 waifs and strays to feed before long, and it became rather expensive. Still, it did him good to see them recover, and they seemed quite content in the spacious home he had made them.

At last the thaw came, and he opened the door, but not one flew away. He had to drive them out. "I didn't grudge them the food," he said, "but it is best for wild things to live free."

## THE LOST TEN MILLIONS

A Sin For Which There is  
No Forgiveness

From the highest point of view, the real sin in war (certainly between nations which know, for they have heard, of a better way) is that in war men deliberately abandon reason.

It is this which makes war (for a Christian nation) one aspect of the sin against the Holy Ghost, for which there is no forgiveness, nor ever can be.

For, whatever future the race of man may now have, it can never be what it might have been if those ten millions of youths had been spared to serve their day and generation to the allotted span.

And, whatever future the race of man may now have, it can never be what it might have been if hordes of people had never had the opportunity which the war provided to batten like vultures upon the agonies and necessities of Europe and America!

THE BRITISH WEEKLY



## HOW TO SEE NEPTUNE

### A RARE OPPORTUNITY Problem of a Moon That Goes Round the Wrong Way A NEW DISCOVERY

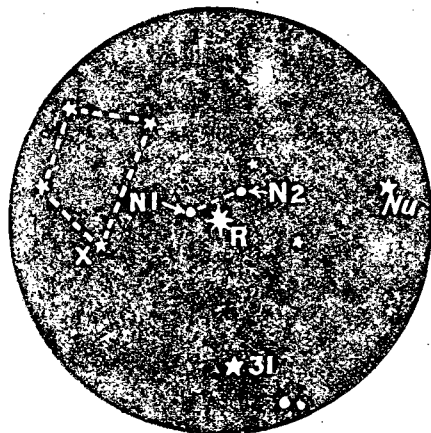
By the C.N. Astronomer

An exceptionally favourable opportunity for finding Neptune will occur during the next two weeks, as there will be no appreciable moonlight.

The nights for seeking this dim and remote world should be very clear and the vicinity of the observer free from bright artificial lights; moreover, good field-glasses, not binoculars, will be necessary to get a glimpse of Neptune, which, though a world about 72 times the size of the Earth, is so very far away (2750 million miles) that it appears little more than two seconds of arc in diameter. Actually about 3000 discs of the apparent width of Neptune could be placed, side by side, in a row across the apparent disc of the Moon.

Field-glasses with lenses two inches in diameter will reveal his presence as a very faint star, if one knows where to look. At present Neptune appears quite near to the bright star Regulus, not more than half of the apparent width of the Moon to the left. The star-map shows Neptune in relation to Regulus and the surrounding small stars, as seen in the field of view of the glasses.

Of these stars only Regulus and the very faint stars Nu and 31 are visible to the naked eye; all the stars shown



Neptune is at N1 on March 30 and N2 by April 30

are brighter than the planet. Neptune is indicated by an N; but the small star indicated by an X, to the left, is only a trifle brighter.

When a powerful telescope is directed to Neptune a small greenish disc is seen on which very faint cloud belts are sometimes perceptible, but with insufficient detail to reveal the period of Neptune's rotation and therefore the length of his day.

Other methods have therefore been applied, but with some uncertainty owing to the faintness of the planet. Recently Dr. A. C. D. Crommelin has shown the British Astronomical Association that Neptune's rotation has been found to take about 15 hours 40 minutes. This has been arrived at through the calculations of Dr. Jackson of the Royal Observatory and the spectroscopic observations of the astronomers Moore and Menzel of Lick Observatory in America.

This important addition to our knowledge of Neptune was made possible through the discovery of the position of the planet's poles and the direction of rotation, which is now found to be the same as the Earth's. It was thought to be retrograde like that of Uranus, because Neptune's moon Triton revolves round the planet the reverse way, or retrograde, as it is called.

So now a very interesting problem has arisen for astronomers: How could Neptune have become possessed with a moon, and such a large one too, which revolves in a direction opposite to that of the planet's rotation? G. F. M.

## Land Way From England Into France

### THE GREAT WORK OF MAKING THE TUNNEL

#### Boring for 26 Miles a Hundred and Fifty Feet Below the Chalk Bed of the Channel

### VAST ENGINEERING SCHEME AND THE MATERIALS IT INVOLVES

The idea of boring a tunnel under the Channel to link England with France is nearly 60 years old. The first practical attempt at such a scheme was interrupted by the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.

Many other ways of crossing the Channel have been suggested. A French engineer proposed, as long ago as 1867, the building of a bridge 22 miles long to be supported on 400 stone piers, and sufficiently high to allow ships to pass beneath. The cost of this scheme was so terrific, however, that the inventor suggested a low-level causeway, with swing or drawbridge openings for ships instead.

#### Some Inventive Engineers

An idea which excited more amusement than serious consideration was that of an English experimenter who planned a long row of pontoons, kept floating in position by means of heavy chains. Wire cables were to stretch from pontoon to pontoon to support the railway track.

Another engineer proposed a floating iron tube kept in position midway between the surface and the bed of the Channel by means of anchors attached to stone piers. Others have suggested the laying of a tube actually on the seabed; and over seventy years ago a French engineer submitted plans for this scheme to the French emperor. But, like all the rest, this project did not take shape.

In any case, it has been proved since that the ingenuity of these inventive engineers would have been wasted, as the continual washing of the sea waves would have rendered the foundations of a bridge unstable and would have made a tube roll more than the smallest cross-Channel steamer in the worst of gales.

#### Many Schemes Prepared

At the present time the Channel Tunnel scheme is once more in the limelight of public attention. It is being discussed from many standpoints—as an aid to peaceful cooperation between this country and our French cousins, as a help to unemployment, and as a means of bringing tremendously increased trade to Great Britain.

There are many schemes prepared, almost all of them for the building of a tunnel, although there are still those to be found who favour the construction of a bridge. Only qualified experts can pretend to say which of the many schemes in existence is the best, and it is to be hoped that a Government Commission will be set up to give judgment on this very important question. But there is one scheme which, in the writer's opinion, combines all the advantages of a speedy completion of the tunnel with the utmost precautions that no harm shall come to those who are working beneath the sea upon its construction, or to those who later use it when they journey from one country to the other.

#### A Plan for Three Tunnels

This scheme was explained to the writer by Mr. D. Whitaker, who was assistant to the late Dr. Tempest, engineer until two years ago for the Channel Tunnel Company.

"I propose (he said) that three tunnels, 26 miles long, be built: two tunnels of 20-foot inside diameter for trains in either direction, and a centre tunnel with 12-foot inside diameter connected to each train tunnel at intervals of 100 feet, so that in the event of an accident passengers would be able to get into the centre tunnel and walk to safety, or wait until another train could be brought for them. All cables and electric wires would also be laid for

greater safety along the centre tunnel." Actual details for completing the entire tunnel in three and a half years are prepared.

The tunnels would be cut about 150 feet below the chalk bed in the solid marl, which is ideal for tunnel work. The sinking and lining of the three shafts at each end could be finished in three months, after which a chamber would be made in each tunnel, two 21-foot diameter tunnelling excavators erected in the 21-foot tunnel and a 12-foot 9-inch excavator erected in the smaller tunnel; all three excavators would be started at the English and the French end.

The large excavators would make an average speed of 240 feet a week, while the smaller excavator would work very much faster.

#### Advantage of a Centre Tunnel

As soon as the small machine had travelled one mile (in eleven weeks) a heading would be driven into the two large tunnels, a chamber built, and four large tunnelling excavators erected. Meanwhile the small centre tunnel would drive ahead half-way to France (13 miles) in just over 148 weeks, and at every mile headings would be driven out on each side and excavators erected to tunnel both ways, so that sooner or later it would be possible for no less than 104 excavators to be working at once.

Another advantage of the small centre tunnel would be that it would act as a pilot. If water was felt to be dangerously near a pipe could be drilled into the face of the small tunnel and cement forced up. This would, of course, seal any crack or fissure and thus keep back any water.

#### The Trial Bore

The cutters on the excavators Mr. Whitaker invented for the trial bore begun at Dover in 1920 are designed to peel the earth as the machine goes forward. This earth is passed back through the excavator into a pulveriser and a tank, where, having been ground up into dust, it is mixed with water and turned into liquid mud. This muddy water is pumped back to the tunnel shaft and upward to the sea.

Some engineers believe that it will be necessary to line the tunnels with cast-iron segments, but Mr. Whitaker believes that the material through which they will be carved will need no more than a rim of concrete, six inches thick, to prevent any small parts of the sides of the tunnels dropping in.

#### Materials and Cost

Other engineers with different schemes have stated that there would be two traffic tunnels, each 26 miles long and 18 feet in diameter, lined with cast-iron plates, and one drainage tunnel 12 feet in diameter. These tunnels would require 988,000 tons of iron plates. To encase them at least 120,000 tons of cement would be needed, and inside them would be 72 track miles of steel rails. The manufacture of this material alone would utilise nearly three and a half million tons of coal.

The tunnel, which would cost about thirty million pounds to build, would bring advantage to the most depressed industries in England today. Cutting, boring, grouting, pumping, ventilating, and hauling machinery would be needed, as well as scores of miles of iron pipes and trucks, and coal for the generation stations at the tunnel mouths.

Electrical machinery of many sorts, cables, bricks for lining the tunnel approaches and the necessary buildings, and immense quantities of timber for staging, would also be needed.

## HOW TO GIVE PEOPLE WORK

### TWO GREAT WAYS OF DOING IT

#### Keeping the Young at School and Giving the Old a Rest

### IDEAS FROM A GREAT REPORT

*If we kept children at school till fifteen as a great nation should do, instead of till fourteen, we should withdraw 500,000 of them from the labour market, which might mean work for 200,000 grown-ups now idle.*

*If we increased pensions of workers at 65 we should withdraw 340,000 people from the labour market and make room for younger people now drawing unemployment pay.*

The joint conference of great employers of labour and of the Trade Union Council, known as the Melchett-Turner Conference, has issued what is called an interim report (a report to be going on with) on unemployment, and one of its most important recommendations is that the supply of labour should be "limited at both ends," the children and the old folk, as described above.

#### Reducing Unemployment

That alone would make an enormous reduction in the number of unemployed. Why should we let children and old people join in the fight for work and drive us to keep strong men and women idle when the children might be receiving education and the old people taking a well-earned rest, making room for the strong young men and women to get the work they want and need?

Another important proposal of the Conference is for the reorganisation of our great industries from top to bottom on the lines so often discussed in the C.N. This might mean for a time that more men would be thrown out of work, and it is proposed that special funds should be started to help them through this difficult time. When reorganisation was completed, however, it is believed that the prosperity of these trades would grow so fast that all the displaced men and many more would get work again.

#### A Great Emigration Scheme

It is interesting to find the trade union members of the Conference joining in proposals for a great emigration scheme, and even in the suggestion that a big tract of land should be bought in Canada for a settlement scheme to cover 20 years. It is suggested that a way should be found of enabling emigrants to continue to benefit from the insurance funds their contributions have helped to build up. This could be done either by "paying them out" with a capital sum that they could invest in their new homes, or by having one great insurance system for Britain, and the Dominions—an admirable idea, surely.

#### CHINA MOVING ON

The extent to which industrial competition is growing is shown, as regards China, by a trade pamphlet published in the Manchester district.

It states that less than 16 years ago there were 558 factories in China. Now there are more than 1400. They include 83 cotton spinning and weaving mills. In 1903 there were only two such mills there, with 65,000 spindles. By 1916 the increase had reached 42 mills with 1,154,000 spindles. Now there are 83 mills, and others are being built.

Other industrial expansions in China reach 218 silk works, 95 flour mills, 82 electric light plants, 58 printing plants, 54 soap and candle factories, and 51 telephone companies.

As regards cotton there is no doubt an element of keen competition in this Chinese industrial growth, but the other developments in the most populous country in the world surely suggest fresh opportunities for countries expert in the manufacture of machinery.



## OLD ENGLAND

### The Life That is Passing Away

#### A BOOK ABOUT IT FOR A COUNTRYMAN

Life in Rural England. By William Coles Finch. (C. W. Daniel. 10s. 6d.)

The title of this quiet book describes it with a fullness not often seen in titles. Mr. Finch has set himself the task of picturing with pen and camera nearly every phase of country life as it can be seen in unspoiled places, or as it can be remembered, and he has succeeded well.

It is difficult to judge how the book would strike a reader who was born in a packed town and has never really known and loved the country. But to the countryman born it has a sustained fascination. With it he journeys through a life's memories and observations, and whether he pauses to say How true to life that is! or wants to argue some point as being not as faithful as it might be (a rare disagreement) it remains briskly interesting.

#### A Cheerful Companion

The comprehensiveness of the book is remarkable. Every object in village or field, every scene the year brings round, every kind of person found in the community, every industry, existing or remembered, every daily problem that has perplexed the rural mind, all are pictured and discussed sooner or later, the changes that have been known to take place are often noted.

The writing has a cheerful tone, the tone of an easy companionship. The illustrations are profuse in number and good in quality.

The locality in which the observations have been chiefly made is Kent, particularly the neighbourhood of Rochester, but the book is much more than local. Any countryman can find in it a large proportion of the country life he likes to recall. In short, Mr. Finch has produced a sound book for the countryman to saunter through most enjoyably. As for the townsman, he must take his chance. Certainly he will find here much that will entertain him and surprise him, but it is a country book beyond the understanding of a mere ordinary townsman.

## MOROPUS

### Something New for the British Museum

The British Museum has just given the Department of Geology a nice little present. If only they had had it in time for Christmas how jolly it would have looked sticking out of some official's stocking!

It would have stuck out a very long way, for it is part of the skeleton of the horse-like mammal Moropus.

Hitherto the Museum only had a claw from Central Africa and some fragments from India. This specimen stands as high as a horse, but has more massive bones. Like the giraffe, Moropus had longer legs in front than at the back. He had three claw-like hoofs on each foot. It rather seems as if he did not know whether he wanted to be a giraffe or an ostrich, and also wondered whether it would not be rather fun to be a cow or a pony. He who hesitates is lost, the proverb says, and Moropus is now extinct.

Although not a strong character (as far as we can judge) Moropus was an amiable one. He was a vegetarian, and he belonged to the Chalicotherium, who in Tertiary times wandered in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The individual who has just arrived in the Department of Geology comes from North America, like an exchange for the Old Masters we have sent there. Unlike some of the things Europe sends America, Moropus is a genuine antique.

## True Tales of Our Animal Friends

### THE DOG AND THE PIGS

We all know about the cleverness of dogs trained to manage sheep, but here is an instance of a dog's cleverness with pigs. A farmer's daughter writes this from Cornwall.

I always appreciate your stories about animals. We live on a farm, and the animals are such affectionate creatures.

The other day a pig-dealer called with his dog to buy some pigs. Father tried to find a certain litter but could only find three of them. Six others were missing.

The dog was with them when they were looking round, but in a short time he disappeared.

Presently a barking was heard in the valley two wide fields away. The men went toward the sound and found that the dog had separated the six missing pigs from others in the field, and was bringing them along.

Don't you think it was clever to both find and separate them?

### THE LITTLE STARLING

A kindly Margate reader, who has sympathy with birds, sends us the following observation of how a motherly sparrow helped a fledgeling starling.

A fledgeling starling that had fallen to the ground when trying to fly was brought to me. I opened the window and put it on the top of the window frame.

Opposite the window was an iron fire-escape staircase. The young starling flew from the window to the ground. Down to it immediately flew a cheeky but kindly little sparrow, chattered to the starling, and then flew, still chattering, up to the third step of the stairs. The starling followed.

Next the sparrow flew about six steps higher and landed on the banister. Again the starling followed. Then the sparrow flew first to the landing, rested a second, and then reached the roof. The starling followed.

Now it seemed to feel it had reached its proper level, and had gained confidence, and so it ventured a flight to the tree from which it had fallen, and so found safety.

### A BOY AND HIS JACKDAW

Here is a Scottish boy's experience in rearing a jackdaw.

Four years ago last spring the boy took a young jackdaw from a nest, and reared it by frequently and carefully feeding it.

It never had its wings clipped, but lived in the house and garden and became a great pet. When it was full grown it made companions of the hens and fed and roosted with them.

Early last spring it mated with a daw from the hills and left the hen roost, but for several weeks it returned every day for a short time. Then its visits became fewer and at last ceased.

Late in the autumn it returned, but it was very shy and only stayed a few minutes at first. Later it came more frequently and stayed longer; now it comes every day and takes food from the hand.

At first the hens did not welcome its return, but they have become reconciled to its presence. It has not yet begun to enter the house.

### THE DOG AND THE CAR

A Wandsworth reader who has a car mentions an instance of the keenness of a dog's observation.

When out with her dog he suddenly ran after a passing car. This was unusual and surprised her till she noticed that it was the same make of car as hers. Evidently he had thought it was hers. He has several times since started after cars similar to hers and the explanation is that he recognises the sound of the engine.

When he is at home and her own car is approaching, out of sight round a corner, he distinguishes its engine and its horn from the engine and horn of

other makes of cars, and is quickly out to greet its arrival.

It is not surprising that dogs should have learned the distinctive sounds of cars. Their sense of hearing, before old age comes to them, is as wonderful as their sense of smell, and is more used than sight. An animal that can interpret the footfalls of a number of people is not likely to be baffled by the sounds of cars when he has had reasonable experience of them. A sharp dog knows practically everything associated with his people, including the mood they happen to be in.

### TWO CLEVER CATS

These animal stories come to us from Scotland.

I was standing on my doorstep in the moonlight when my neighbour's black cat passed me in a hurry, sprang from the roadway, four or five feet up, clutched the handle of the door of the house to which she belongs, worked the latch vigorously with her other paw, and then, when the door sprang open about an inch, pushed her way in.

My neighbour tells me he has often gone to the door to see who was rattling the latch and found the cat.

But I think my own cat is even more clever. I have a cupboard built into the wall about three feet from the floor. In it I keep food to be out of the cat's way. A large easy-chair stands several inches back from the cupboard door. Sitting in the room one day I saw pussy jump on the back of the chair, glance round to see that all was clear, and then begin tap, tap, tapping gently at the door with her paw. The door being off the catch began to swing gradually more and more till it was open enough for pussy to jump down to the floor and then leap in.

### JUMBO THE TORTOISE

A Sussex reader sends an account of a tortoise which seems to have more character than tortoises generally have.

Jumbo was bought for two shillings in the street in the spring of 1927, and quickly made himself at home in a little back garden, feeding preferably on lettuce and the young leaves of antirrhinums which had just been planted and were about six inches high. When he could not reach the leaves he walked over the plant, bending it down till he could get at them.

He has grown into a very sociable fellow and walks round anyone whom he knows who sits in a chair in the garden, and welcomes the stroking of his head. But at strangers he snaps if they presume to interfere. He walks up a sloping board to surmount the dining-room step, and when in is partial to fruits and cake, which he nibbles from his owner's fingers.

Last winter he did not bury himself, but spent it under a wooden box; this winter he is in a box with straw near the hot-water tank, sleeping and waiting for spring.

### THE MOTHER AND THE ORPHANS

Here is a true story of a dog's realisation of the responsibilities of motherhood. It comes from a trusted correspondent in Hungary.

Two dogs belonging to the same house had litters of pups at the same time. One of the mother dogs, named Treesta, was a wolf-dog.

One day Treesta went to her mistress and made signs that induced her to follow where Treesta led, and that was where the other puppies, not her own, were. There the other mother was lying dead.

Then Treesta lay down and suckled the orphan puppies. Her mistress thought the difficulty of rearing both families would now be removed, so she tried to place all the puppies together. But that was quite contrary to Treesta's wishes. She would not have the other little ones with her own. They had to be taken back. But, day by day, after suckling her own children, she would go to the relief of the orphans in their own place, and so reared both families.

## HAMMERING ALONG

### The Engine and the Bridge

#### SIX BLOWS A SECOND

The ostler of Sam Weller's days used to say that what hurt the horses was the hammer, hammer, hammer of the hoofs on the hard high road.

Who would have thought that what damages the bridges of a railway and puts a breaking strain on them is the hammer, hammer, hammer of the engine wheels on the hard steel-rails?

So it is proved to be in the report of the Industrial Research Committee on Bridge Stresses. The wheel when perfectly built should revolve evenly. But something else has to be thought of, the engine the wheels support.

If the driving mechanism is faulty, so that as the wheel revolves it presses more heavily at one point in its revolution than at another, the effect is to give a hammer blow to the rail underneath.

At high express speeds this hammer blow occurs as many as six times a second. The most powerful locomotives do not hammer much. It is rather the less mighty two-cylinder engines which get in the most blows.

It must now be the task of the locomotive builder to think of the bridges when he couples up his pistons and driving rods with the wheels.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Italy has lost a famous painter of peasant pictures by the death of Francesco Michetti at 78.

By short-circuiting a wire at Willesden a rat deprived the whole district of electric light for two hours the other day.

Miss Megan Lewis, aged 17, of Llanrwst, has been left £2300 by a farmer whose life she saved eight years ago.

#### Resigning at 94

Mr. J. Collins of Blidworth, Notts, has just resigned as registrar because at 94 he is getting a trifle deaf.

#### Albury Downs

The Duke of Northumberland has given the public access to Albury Downs, a fine stretch of Surrey heathland.

#### The King's Nurse

The King has personally given to Nurse Davis the insignia of the Royal Red Cross which his Majesty conferred upon her.

#### Saving a Train

Racing a quarter of a mile through the dark, Robert Turner reached the Morley signal-box just in time to say the tunnel had fallen in and to save a crowded train from wreck.

#### This Kind World

A New York woman has sent £100, her savings for twenty years, to provide an annual tea for poor children of Worksop, where she went to school.

#### A Lavender Farm in Tasmania

Having read the story of a lavender bush taken out to Australia, one of our readers sends us a picture of a lavender farm in Tasmania. It is a very fine sight.

#### A Cricketer Long Ago

There has just died at Oxford the Rev. Louis Arthur Cockerell, a well-known cricketer who played in the Rugby eleven 74 years ago—only a little later than Tom Brown's schooldays.

#### Woodbine Willie

There have been great manifestations of sorrow at the funeral of the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, the popular clergyman well known to the troops in France as Woodbine Willie. He was buried in Worcester Cathedral.

#### Costly Snake-Catching

In a Burmese village 50 out of 76 houses were burned down as the result of a man setting fire to a tree to catch a snake hiding in its branches.

#### An Evil That Has Passed Away

Mr William Johnson, who has just died at Weymouth, at 85, was present at the last execution of a sailor for insubordination.



# THE SECRET OF THE AGES

Told by John Halden

## CHAPTER 1

### Ivory and Gold

JOSEPHINE CARSON was staring at the grimy yellow objects as if she could not believe the evidence of her eyes.

"But, Jerry," she exclaimed, "these things are not only pure gold, they have been beaten into shape by hand!"

Her twin brother glanced at her warningly, though there was no one within ear-shot who understood English, then turned to the three skin-clad natives who stood before him.

"Where did you get these?" he demanded in the Tungus language.

The three Tunguses looked at each other and shifted uneasily.

"Down river to the north-east, many days' journey," said one of them at last, looking at the gold as if he were afraid of it.

"Is this all you found?"

For answer the leader reached into a bag he carried and brought out some yellowish-white carved objects and some roughly-chipped stones like mallets and spearheads.

"Mammoth ivory," remarked Josephine, examining them. "And surely, Jerry, these stones are rather like the weapons of paleolithic man in the museum at home. Did you find these all in the same place?" she asked the natives.

Again that indescribable look of terror came into the dark faces as the natives nodded.

"Were there more?" Jerry asked.

"Yes. We took some and came away quickly."

"Jo!" murmured Jerry. "I think this is going to be important! If only Father were here! We'll buy everything they've brought."

Jerry reached into his pocket and added the money he had to the coins that his sister held out. The natives accepted it in exchange for their curios, apparently very well satisfied to see the last of the strange objects they had brought.

"You don't think they've stolen them, do you, Jerry?" whispered Josephine.

"I don't think so," returned her brother. "It looks more like superstitious fear to me. We must find out exactly where they found them if we can."

He stopped the Tunguses, who were about to leave, and drew again on his small store of their language.

"You see we are willing to pay you well," he said. "Will you take us to the spot where you found these things?"

To the astonishment of the twins a panic seemed to seize the natives.

"No, no, no!" they shouted. "We will never go back there!"

"Why ever not?" demanded Jerry.

"Because of the giant burrowing rat that guards them," they said. "The underground rat that is bigger than a house, with terrible long teeth!"

Jerry and Jo Carson looked at each other in amazement.

"But that's nonsense," began Josephine practically, then stopped as she saw the men, seized apparently with uncontrollable panic, dash off into the crowds of traders in fur, ivory, and frozen fish that were moving about the square.

For a moment the twins stood perplexed, trying to imagine the cause of such strange behaviour.

"It looks to me as if there were something wrong here," said Jo at last.

Jerry started from his contemplation of the golden objects in his hand. "Nothing wrong but superstition, I fancy," he remarked. "Come on, Jo. We'll get Dr. Atkinson's opinion on this. I've a notion we've stumbled on a hint of treasure that will be worth finding."

They were standing in the market-square of Yakutsk, the chief trading town of Northern Siberia.

All about them were great heaps of frozen fish and piles of skins and furs brought down by native trappers from the wild, only partly-explored country to the north. Here and there lay a stack of huge ivory mammoth tusks, spoil of the shaggy monsters that roamed the plains of Northern Siberia perhaps half a million years ago. The natives find these tusks lying about the frozen tundra, and bring them down to sell to traders. From Yakutsk they are taken a nineteen days' journey to the Trans-Siberian railway, to be shipped to civilization.

Jerry and Josephine had been left with their father's friend Dr. Atkinson, who happened to be in Yakutsk to study the native races, while Professor Carson went on up into the frozen tundra to the north-east on a geological survey. These four, with Thomas, Dr. Atkinson's confidential servant, had been the only English-speaking people in the town for many months.

The twins, their newly-acquired treasures carefully put away in their pockets, hurried across the square toward the only hotel in the place, the Sayvyare.

The hotel was a queer place, hopelessly ill-managed. The doors would not lock, and the furniture, even in the guest rooms, was of the scantiest. Several families of Yakutsk and their innumerable children shared the ground floor with various farmyard animals, ducks and chickens, cats and dogs. Three rooms on the floor above had been taken by Dr. Atkinson, who was recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia, and Jerry and his sister.

As the two entered the hotel door they were met by the faithful Thomas, who was looking unusually grave.

In reply to their anxious inquiries he told them that their friend must leave Siberia at once.

"His heart has been left in a very bad condition by his illness," he told them. "His only hope is to get back to civilisation, where he can have skilled attention and proper medicines."

"Then arrangements must be made at once," returned Jerry decidedly. "I'll go out and see about a conveyance."

"But that is just the trouble," said Thomas. "The doctor refuses to go, because he says your father left you and your sister in his charge."

"Just leave that to us," said Jerry. "We'll persuade him somehow. There is a caravan starting for the railway tomorrow morning, I think. We must join it."

It took all the twins' powers of persuasion to make Dr. Atkinson agree to consider his own imperative interests and leave Siberia, though he consented at last. But he was adamant in his refusal to allow them to accompany him and Thomas on the nineteen days' journey to the Trans-Siberian railway.

"I won't have you children wandering about this wild country alone," he said firmly. "The roads between here and the railway are infested with bandits. If I must leave you I can only leave you here in Yakutsk, where, if there are no English, there are at least Russians."

And with that they had to be content.

## CHAPTER 2

### Alone in Yakutsk

THE twins, mounted on saddled reindeer that stepped smoothly along beside the conveyance in which their friend lay, accompanied the caravan all the first day. They would have gone farther had not Dr. Atkinson fairly ordered them to leave him and return to the comparative safety of Yakutsk. Then, realising that the thought of them alone on the road back would be a source of worry to him, they reluctantly turned their placid mounts, and after affectionate and anxious farewells started back on the bleak, frozen road toward the town, half full of savages, where they had to expect to pass the next few months alone.

The prospect did not frighten them at all. Indeed they rather looked forward to it, and if it had not been for anxiety about their invalid friend they would have been quite light-hearted. As they drew near the town, ambling smoothly on their reindeer, they looked up at the great ruined fortress which had been built by Cossacks three hundred years ago, at the little pink and green church, and the hundreds of log cottages in which lived Ostiaks, Samoyedes, Yakuts, Tunguses, and a few Russians. Dark-faced natives passed them on the road, with guttural replies to their cheerful greetings.

"We'll have to learn a few languages," remarked Jerry. "What do you think, Jo? Shall we start with Yakut?"

"Yes," agreed Josephine, trying to remember what, in the excitement of Dr. Atkinson's departure, they had forgotten.

"I say!" she exclaimed after a moment, "we didn't ask the doctor what he thought of our finds."

"By Jove!" cried Jerry. "His advice would have been invaluable. Still, we couldn't bother him about our affairs at such a time."

The boy felt hastily in his pockets; the lumps of hammered gold and carved ivory were still there.

Continued on the next page

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"We've nothing better to do till Father comes back," he said. "Suppose we put in the time investigating the affair; it might lead to something."

"Adventures," murmured Josephine. "Jerry, I'm pining for adventures!"

"Well, we may get them if we start stirring up those Tunguses," remarked Jerry. "I can't imagine what was the trouble with them. They couldn't have looked more guilty if they had robbed a bank."

Jerry allowed his reindeer to wander along the road at his own pace, while he examined the objects he had taken from his pockets.

"You know, Jo, this gold, though perfectly pure, solid gold, is not the sort of lumps that might be picked up by a lucky chance in a stream. It has been worked. Look here! This piece, I'm certain, is part of a necklace."

Josephine took the bit of gold and looked at it carefully.

"I've never heard of modern natives wearing gold ornaments, have you?" Jo emphasised the word modern. Her brother knew what she meant.

"Nor I," he agreed. "And what is more, Jo, you've got to consider those bits of carved mammoth ivory and what seem to be Stone Age implements found in the same place. I'm almost afraid to suggest it, for it's a hundred to one it isn't true. But what if it should prove to be a cache of prehistoric gold and ivory!"

"Guarded by a giant burrowing rat, as big as a house, with terrible long teeth," added Josephine dryly.

Jerry chuckled and stopped his reindeer, for they had arrived at the hotel.

"Suppose we just run up for a wash and change and then go on to the museum to see if we can verify what we think we've found," he suggested. "I'm not sleepy, are you?"

Josephine shook her head. The twins had travelled all night and all day, but as the sun had shone brightly the whole time they did not feel as if they had missed a night's sleep.

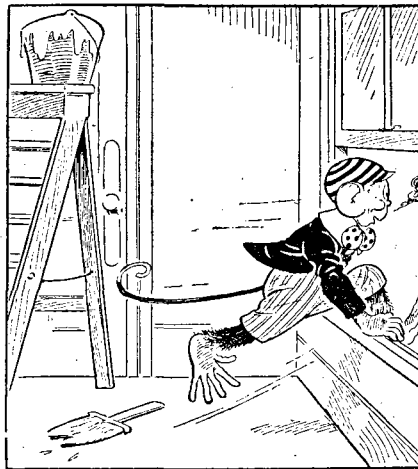
When they reached the door of Jerry's room it was swinging open. This did not surprise them, for the lock had never worked. But as the twins saw the state of the room itself they stopped short in astonishment. Jerry's straw mattress had been ripped open and the straw scattered

Continued in the last column

## JACKO LENDS A HAND



"The house is filthy!" said Mother Jacko one fine, sunny morning. "Tomorrow I shall start spring-cleaning. I must get Father to do some whitewashing for me."



"This is a man's job!" cried Jacko. "But what a noise those dogs are making in the garden! I believe they're going to fight. By Jove, they are! I must go and have a look."



"I don't see why Father should have all the fun," thought Jacko. And the minute his father's back was turned he sprang on the steps and began splashing away.



"Your dinner is ready, Jacko," called his mother. There was no answer. "I wonder what the lad's up to?" she murmured. Then she opened the door—and she knew!

everywhere. The lid of his box had been broken off and the contents flung about.

"Thieves!"

"But nothing has been taken!" cried Jerry after a hasty glance over his few possessions. "Quick! Look in your room, Jo!"

Josephine's room was in similar plight. The lid of her wooden trunk had been chopped off with an axe, evidently because the lock had held, and her clothes were flung over the floor. A duck and its family were scratching contentedly about in the scattered straw of her mattress.

"Those Tunguses wouldn't have done it, do you think?" suggested Jerry in perplexity.

As she spoke, some instinct made him turn toward his sister in the doorway. What he saw made him leap forward.

"Look out, Jo!" he shouted; and the girl glanced over her shoulder just in time to see the bigger of the three Tunguses they had met in the market square creeping up behind her, a long, sharp fishing spear in his hand.

Seeing he was discovered, the man straightened from his crouching posture and burst into speech in his own language. He spoke so rapidly that the twins could not follow him.

"What is it you want?" cried Jo. "Is it the ornaments?"

"You can have those, you know, without cutting our throats," added her brother. "If you've repented selling them you need only say so."

As he spoke Jerry drew the gold and ivory from his pocket and held it out to the native.

Instantly the man backed away, and the other two, who had come unnoticed up the stairs, set up a kind of howling moan of fear.

"Well, if it isn't that, what is it?" cried Jerry desperately. "We have nothing else of any value."

The Tungus in the doorway spoke two words, and as he spoke them Jerry's hand flew to his vest pocket where, at the pressure, there was a crackling as of a folded paper.

Josephine's face went white, and her brother's hardened.

"If that's what you're after, my friend," he said, stepping menacingly toward the cringing Tungus, "you'll not get it. You can get out of here quicker than you came. That's all I've got to say to you. Get out!"

TO BE CONTINUED

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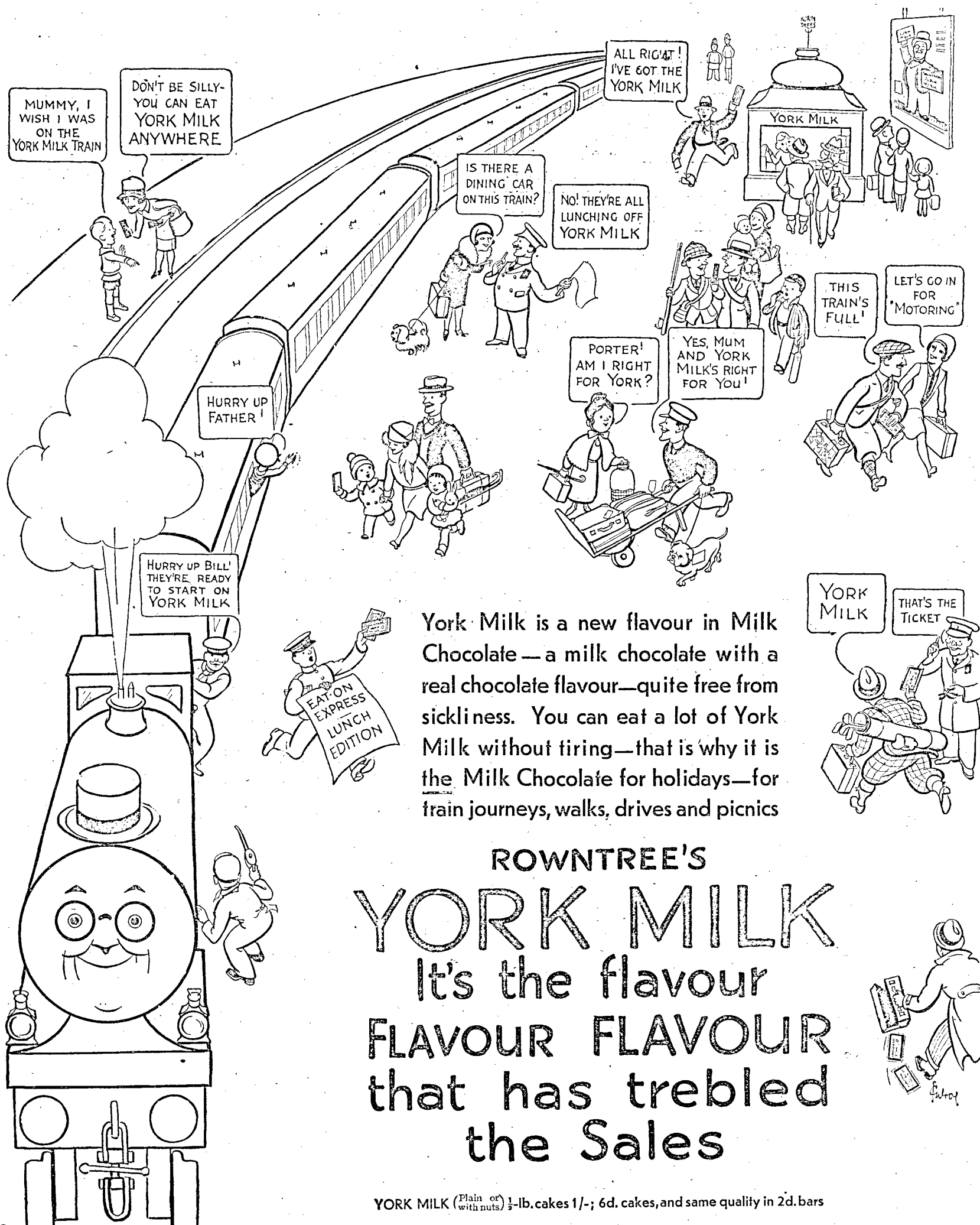
## CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d. Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet Street, E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLEET S.P. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium, or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.





# The YORK MILK TRAIN- HOLIDAY SPECIAL



York Milk is a new flavour in Milk Chocolate — a milk chocolate with a real chocolate flavour—quite free from sickness. You can eat a lot of York Milk without tiring—that is why it is the Milk Chocolate for holidays—for train journeys, walks, drives and picnics

ROWNTREE'S  
**YORK MILK**  
It's the flavour  
FLAVOUR FLAVOUR  
that has trebled  
the Sales

YORK MILK (Plain or with nuts) 1-lb. cakes 1/-; 6d. cakes, and same quality in 2d. bars



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 30, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

## THE BRAN TUB

### Telling the Time

A SMALL boy in the park asked an old man the time, and received the following astonishing reply.

"Half an hour ago it was just half the number of minutes past midday that it now wants to be half-past one."

What was the time?

Answer next week

### The Voices of Birds

THERE are definite names given to the voices of many birds. Here are some of them.

The turkey gobbles. The falcon chants. The lapwing peewits. The duck quacks. The whitethroat chirrs. The canary quavers. The bittern booms. The linnet chuckles. The goose hisses. The blackbird whistles. The chaffinch pinks. The swallow twitters. The jay chatters. The cock crows.

### Just Patented

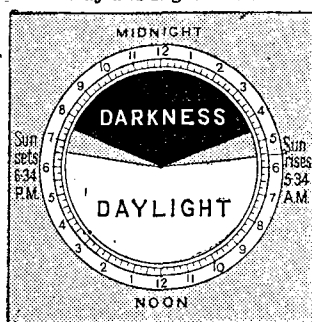
We have no further information about the new patent illustrated here

**A Boot Warmer.** Here is a useful hot-water bottle for warming or drying boots and shoes. The vessel is foot-shaped to fit the boot, and is made of metal. Hot water is poured in at a funnel in the top, and a rubber ring round the neck enables the warmer to be easily handled.

### Do You Live at Eccles?

THIS name is believed to be from the Latin ecclesia or the Welsh eglwys, both meaning a church, and probably the town grew up on the site of or round what was once a famous church, noted perhaps as a landmark in the region.

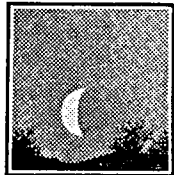
### Day and Night Chart



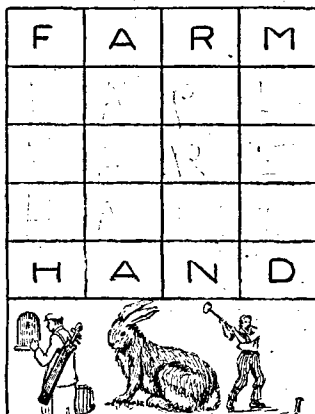
Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East and Mercury is in the East. In the evening Venus, Jupiter, and Uranus are in the South-West. Mars is in the South and Neptune is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it will be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on April 4.



### Changeling



Change the word Farm into Hand with only three intervening links, altering one letter at a time and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you. Answer next week

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE domestic duck is hatching out its eggs. The pheasant utters its spring crow. The moorhen lays its eggs. The chiffchaff's note is heard. The last fieldfares are seen. The peacock butterfly appears. Hairy violet, wych elm, ground ivy, box, black and Lombardy poplars, and rue-leaved saxifrage are all in blossom. Horse-chestnut, larch, peach, crabapple, apricot, cherry, barberry, plum, and blackthorn are all coming into leaf.

### An Enigma

MANKIND of every class and grade I rule; I stimulate all ranks; the wise or fool. By me directed keep the will in play, And all my dictates strenuously obey. Such is my force that monarchs to my will Must bow, and all my impulses fulfil. I'm ever present, constantly await The humble board, the tables of the great. In distant lands or countries still more near In every trade and calling I appear. I never leave men till their latest breath They then resign me for the arms of death.

Answer next week

### What is This?

IN my first my second sat, My third and fourth I ate— What's that? Answer next week

### Your Loudspeaker

PROBABLY the greatest mistake that can be made in regard to loudspeakers is to try and work a small loudspeaker in a large room. You will find that you have to overload the loudspeaker to get sufficient volume, with the result that the music is distorted.

Again, your loudspeaker must be of a suitable type and size to work with the set.

So when you propose to buy a loudspeaker remember that not only your set enters into the question but also the size of the room in which it is to be used.

### A Riddle in Rhyme

My first is in silver but not in gold, My second is in wrinkle but not in fold, My third is in pink but not in red, My fourth is in eat but not in bread, My fifth is in zero but not in nought, My sixth is in idea but not in thought, My seventh is in brain but not in think, My eighth is in float but not in sink, My ninth is in carpet but not in rug, My tenth is in can but not in mug, My last is in rapid but not in slow, My whole is a country you'll surely know.

Answer next week

### Ici On Parle Français



Le gouvernail Le facteur La scie  
Le gouvernail dirige le bateau.  
Le facteur apporte une lettre.  
Cette scie n'est pas bien aiguisée.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

#### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

FRANCE	LANTERN
TEAMS	RAID
STRIppers	DC
HIP	TAP
IDEALS	ISSUES
OVER	A BUN
EMS	
NE	STIPPLED
SA	
EBEEN	SEALS
R	
DECERN	TRIMLY

#### A Word Square

H E A R T  
E N T E R  
A T O N E  
R E N T S  
T R E S S

#### An Enigma

Pirate, irate,  
rate, ate.

Do You Know Me?  
Edinburgh

## Dr. MERRYMAN

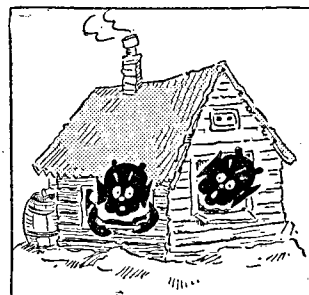
### His Great Loss

THE Chief was very satisfied with the work that Pat was doing. "I'm going to raise your wages, Pat," he said.

Pat at first appeared delighted; then a cloud came over his face.

"Don't do that, sir," he said. "Just think how much more I shall lose when I take a day off."

### Very Stuffy



THE Blackies' little bungalow is neither long nor wide, So when they want to breathe fresh air They pop their heads outside!

### A Chilly Reply

THE tramp eyed the joints displayed in the butcher's shop. "You have meat to suit all purses, I presume?" he said. "Yes," snapped the butcher. "What have you to suit an empty purse?" "The cold shoulder."

### Quite Simple

THE bank manager was arranging some business with a dear old lady. "It will be necessary for you to be identified, madam," he said, "before I can pay you this money."

"Well, my friend here will identify me," said the old lady. "But I'm afraid I don't know her."

"Of course not. How stupid of me! I'll introduce you."

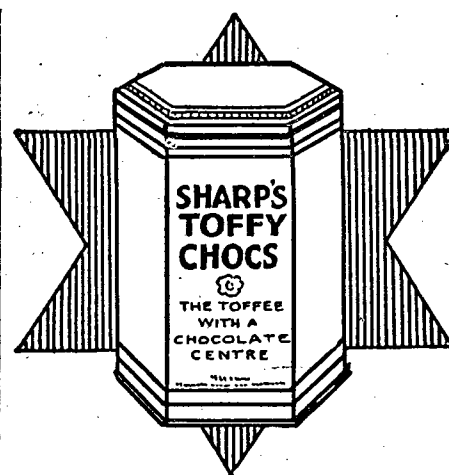
### A Very Selective Set

THE discussion concerned the relative merits of the wireless sets owned by the speakers.

"That may be," said one of the men after listening to the claims put forth by another. "You should see my little two-valve set. I can bring in any Continental station you like to name."

"But can you cut out the local station?" queried one "Doubting Thomas."

"Cut it out? I should say so. Why, the other evening a quartette was playing, and I didn't like the cello, so I just cut that out."

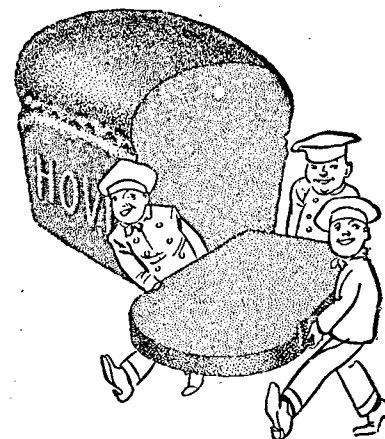


## A new "star" chocolate centre with Toffee Coating

There are plenty of chocolate-coated toffees but only one chocolate centre with a toffee coating—Sharp's Toffee Chocs. And what a change of flavour it has made—the two flavours blend perfectly all the way through this delightful sweetmeat.

4ozs. 4<sup>d</sup>

E. SHARP & SONS, LTD., MAIDSTONE



## The Children's Choice

HOVIS provides vital nourishment for building sturdy young bodies and growing frames. Give the children HOVIS because they like it and because it is so good for them.

# HOVIS

Best Bakers Bake it.

HOVIS LTD., LONDON. BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.

## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

VERA's mother had lost one of the pearls from the necklace Daddie had given her before he went to China on his ship; and she was very unhappy about it.

The necklace had broken, and Vera had seen her mother put the little paper of pearls on the table before she took it to the jeweller's to be restrung. Then the wind had blown the little packet on to the floor, and some of the pearls had fallen out. Of course they had soon collected them again.

But when Vera's mother got to the jeweller's she found that one of the pearls was missing. She came home quickly, and they searched everywhere for it;

but they couldn't find it. Vera was rather sorry that Mummie had come back so soon, for the next day was her birthday, and Vera was making another neck-



lace, only, of course, hers was just made of coloured glass beads.

## THE BEAD THAT ROLLED AWAY

In her hurry to get on with the necklace while her mother was away Vera upset her box of beads too; she had only just collected them when Mummie returned.

"If I make a very beautiful necklace," thought Vera, "perhaps Mummie won't mind so much about losing her pearl!"

She found a lovely round, pearly-looking bead in her box which she hadn't noticed before; and she threaded it in the middle. It was almost like one of Mummie's real ones, so she would like that.

Next morning at breakfast she put the parcel by Mummie's plate. Her

mother was delighted when she opened it.

"Where did you get this beautiful bead?" she asked, looking at the pearly one.

"It was in my box," said Vera.

"When you bought it?" asked her mother.

"I'm not sure," said Vera. "I didn't notice it till yesterday. They all fell out on the floor while you were out at the jeweller's."

Mummie hugged her. "I believe you've found my lost pearl!"

Vera's eyes sparkled. "The real pearl?" she cried. "Oh, Mummie, will you keep it in my necklace?"

"Of course I will," said Mummie, kissing her again.